NO. 11
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THE SHIELD
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THE SHIELD WITH DUSTY
THE SPECTACULAR BOY DETECTIVE
A SERIES OF DISASTROUS PLANE EXPLOSIONS HAVE OCCURED, AND JOE HIGGINS HAS BEEN CALLED IN ON THE CASE... NOW, DUSTY AND THE SHIELD ARE PITTED AGAINST THE MASTER CRIMINAL OF ALL TIME— THE VULTURE!
BY IRVING NOVICK
JOE HIGGINS, IN REALITY THE SHIELD, HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO A SABOTAGE CASE IN AN AIRPLANE FACTORY...
AND WHEN I SUSPECTED SABOTAGE, I IMMEDIATELY PHONED THE F.B.I.!
YOU AND JU JU TRY TO HUNT UP SOME CLUES, BETTY!
ALRIGHT, JOE!
LOOK! ONE OF OUR PLANES IS ABOUT TO TAKE OFF!
NICE LOOKING, JOB!
SUDDENLY!

THE PLANE IS COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED, AND ALL THE OCCUPANTS ARE KILLED...
SUDDENLY, FROM THE CROWD, RUSHES A FRANTIC, TEARFUL BOY!
MY DAD WAS IN THAT PLANE... LEMME THROUGH!!
DAD! DAD! HE'S DEAD! (SOB) (SOB)
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THIS PLANE WASN'T CARRYING ANY CARGO!
THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON!
THERE, THERE, SON! I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL! I LOST MY DAD THE SAME WAY!
MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO LEAVE, SON! IT'S NOT A PLEASANT SIGHT!
G.. GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT (SNIFF) (SNIFF) HE WAS THE BEST DAD A KID EVER HAD!
MEANWHILE, BETTY STILL HUNTS CLUES....
I HEAR VOICES COMING FROM INSIDE THAT PLANE! I'LL TAKE A LOOK!
INSIDE ONE OF THE TRANSPORT PLANES IN THE HANGAR....
THAT PLANE OUTSIDE DID THE TRICK! IT DISTRACTED EVERYBODY'S ATTENTION! WE CAN PLANT OUR LITTLE RADIO GADGET IN THIS ONE WITHOUT NOBODY BOTHERIN' US!

LOOK! A DAME SNOOPIN'! DON'T LET HER GET AWAY!
OKAY, SISTER, YOU SAW TOO MUCH AND IT'S TOO BAD FOR YOU!
YOU WOULDN'T DARE KILL ME!
JUST THEN, DUSTY STROLLS INTO THE HANGAR
GEE! A GIRL! 'N THEY'RE TRYING TO HURT HER!
DUSTY FORGETS HIS OWN GRIEF AND RUSHES TO BETTY'S AID....
HEY! WHA...
WHEE! I'M BEGINNING TO ENJOY THIS!!
OOF!!
YA DIRTY BRAT... ...I'LL TEAR YA TO SHREDS!!
TCH! TCH! SUCH A TEMPER!!
SIT DOWN 'N THINK THINGS OVER MISTER!!
BUT DUSTY FAILS TO NOTICE A FIGURE SLINK UP FROM BEHIND...
TOUGH KID, HUH! TAKE DAT!
OOOH!

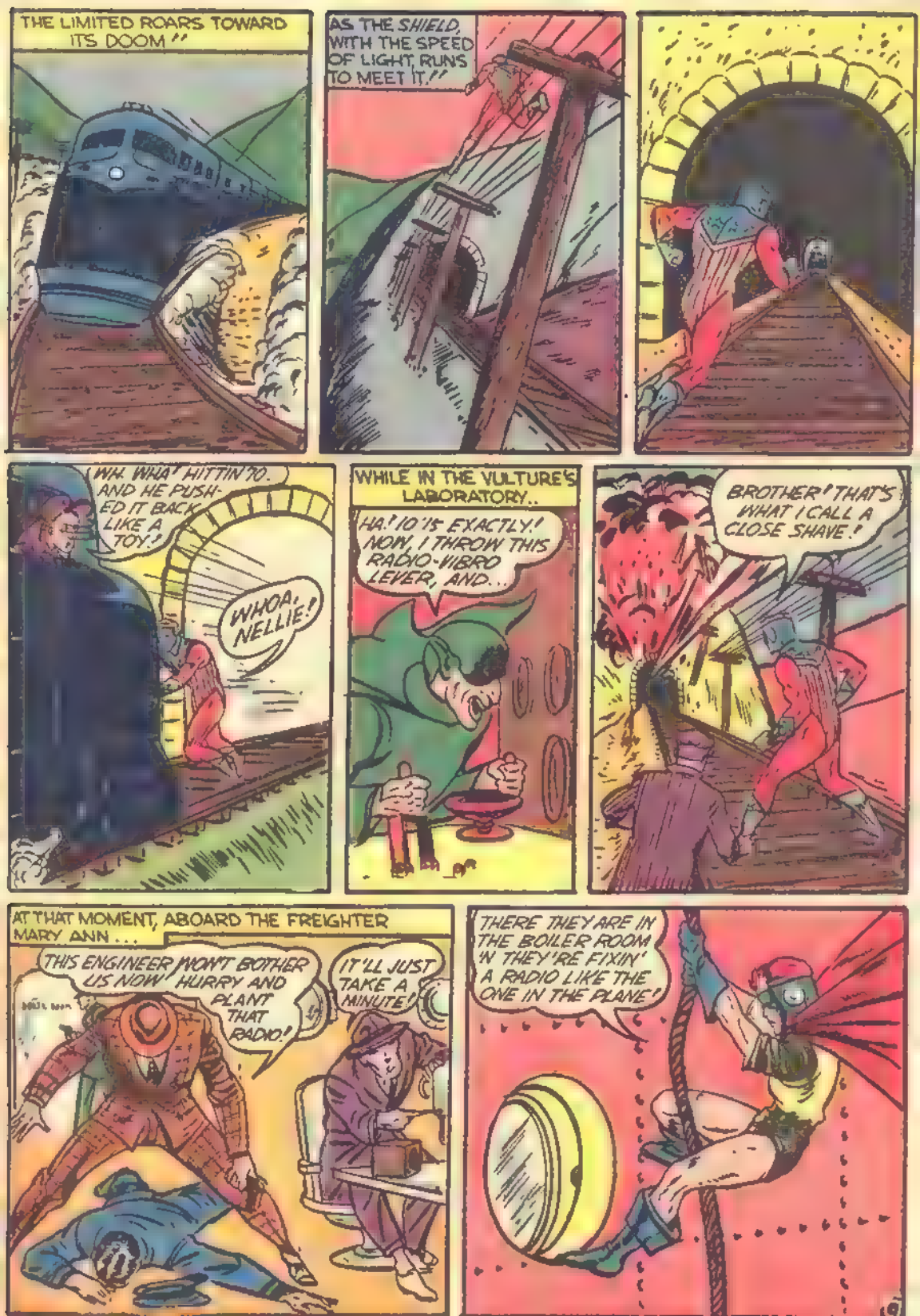
JUST THEN, JOE HIGGINS ENTERS... A LIGHTNING CHANGE AND THE SHIELD STANDS FORTH...
I SAW THE LAST PART OF THE SCRAP. THAT RED-HEADED KID SURE PUT UP A WHALE OF A FIGHT!!
HELLO, GENTLEMEN! THIS PARTY ISN'T PRIVATE, I HOPE!
WH... WHAT'LL WE DO?
TH... THE SHIELD!!
I'LL MAKE UP YOUR MINDS FOR YOU! RELAX BOYS! WE'VE GOT A LOT TO TALK ABOUT!!
SHIELD! THOSE MEN! THEY WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PLANE EXPLOSIONS!
THEY WERE, HUH? I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM! HOW ARE YOU FEELING, SON?
OKAY!
THEY WERE ABOUT TO PLANT MORE EXPLOSIVES IN THIS PLANE!!
C'MON INSIDE WITH ME, MR.! YOU'VE GOT SOME EYPLAINING TO DO!
YOU TWO KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE BIRDS!
NO! NO! DON'T GO IN THERE!!
SO THAT'S THE GADGET! HOW DOES IT WORK?
GET ME OUT OF HERE! I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!!
..... IN A FAR OFF LABORATORY A WEIRD FIGURE WATCHES THRU A NEW TELEVISION MACHINE....
SO MY SERVANT WILL TELL ALL! HOW AMUSING!!

THE VULTURE THROWS A SWITCH, AND...
BOOM!
THE SHIELD MAY BE HURT! I'VE GOTTA GET HIM OUT!!
LET'S SCRAM!
JUST THEN, JU JU WATSON APPROACHES THE HANGAR.
I AINT FOUND A CLUE YET HEY, YOU GUYS! WHAT'S GOIN' ON? STOP!
TRY 'N' STOP US!
WISE GUYS, HUH?
JU JU STUMBLES OVER A PLANE JACK...
OOPS!
GREASE PIT
HALP!
..AND HURTLES INTO A GREASEPIT!
HOW IN BLANKETY BLANK DID THAT JACK GET UNDER MY FEET? HEY! I'M SLIDIN' DOWN AGAIN!
MEANWHILE
SHIELD! THE PLANE'S ON FIRE!
WHEW! WHAT A BLAST!

THOUGHT I MIGHT BE IN TROUBLE, EH? YOU SURE HAVE PLENTY OF SPUNK
SO YOUR NAME'S DUSTY, HUH, REDHEAD?
YEAH! 'N' WHEN I GROW UP I WANNA BE LIKE YOU!
'N' THEN I'LL WIPE OUT ALL CRIMINALS, ALSO. I'LL GET EVEN FOR MY DAD!
YEARS AGO. ANOTHER LAD JUST LIKE YOU MADE THAT VOW! HE BECAME THE SHIELD
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO WORK WITH ME--A BOY DETECTIVE! WE'LL MAKE A GREAT TEAM!
GEE WHIZ, OH BOY--GULP! YOU BET!
THE SHIELD TAKES HIS PROTEGE TO HIS LABORATORY
FIRST THING YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE IS A UNIFORM, DUSTY.
BOY! THAT'S KEEN!
AND SO EMERGES DUSTY THE BOY DETECTIVE
AND NOW, WE'LL SHAKE, AS MAN TO MAN, NEVER TO DISCLOSE EACH OTHER'S IDENTITY!
SHAKE!
TOWERING HIGH ON A MOUNTAIN-TOP, AN EERIE CASTLE THRUSTS ITS SPIRES INTO THE DARK SKIES..
..THE ABODE OF THE VULTURE!

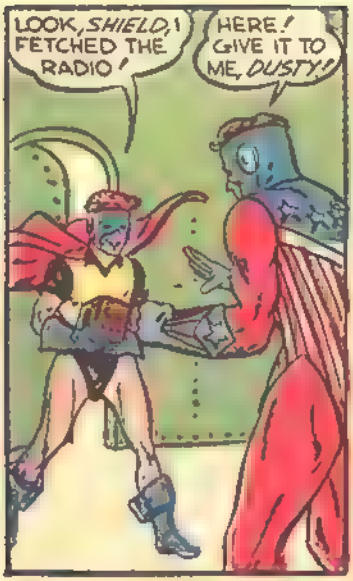
A CLOAKED FIGURE MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE CASTLE'S GLOOMY HALLS...
... AND INTO THE VULTURE'S LABORATORY...
I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU, MASTER!
I HAVE LEARNED THAT WILLIAM OSWALD IS SCARED! HE HAS THREATENED TO TELL EVERYTHING!
SO OSWALD DOES NOT WISH TO CONTINUE OUR ARRANGEMENT, EH?
HE SHALL LEARN THE LESSON THAT ALL DO, WHO CROSS THE PATH OF THE VULTURE!!
IN THE HOME OF WILLIAM OSWALD, THE MILLIONAIRE...
I SHAN'T INSURE ANY MORE FALSE CARGOES FOR THE VULTURE TO DESTROY!!
HE HAS COLLECTED HIS LAST PENNY OF INSURANCE THAT WAY! I WON'T BE INVOLVED IN MURDERING PEOPLE!
OSWALD, UNAWARE OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH HOVERING OVER HIM, PHONES THE POLICE...
HELLO, HELLO! I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE!
YOUR CONFESSION, MR. OSWALD, SHALL BE MADE TO YOUR MAKER! HEH, HEH!
7

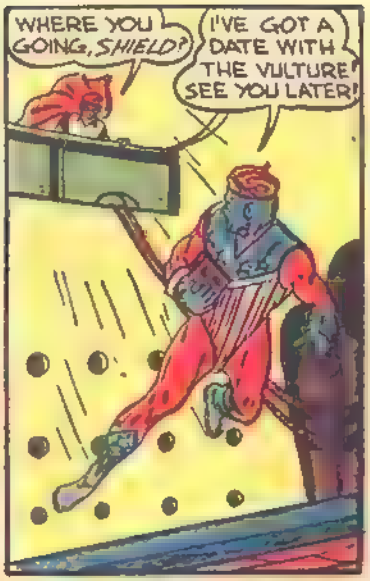
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH MR. WILLIAM OSWALD, DUSTY! THE AIRPLANE PEOPLE TELL ME IT'S ALL HIS FREIGHT BEING DESTROYED!!
REAL DETECTIVE STUFF, HUH, JOE?
HIGGINS OF THE F.B.I.! IS MR. OSWALD IN?
ER..YES! COME RIGHT IN!
HE'S UPSTAIRS IN HIS STUDY!
WE'LL GO UP!
SOME LAYOUT!
JOE FINDS THE DOOR LOCKED AND IS FORCED TO BREAK HIS WAY IN....
LOOK!
SUDDENLY...
WHY IT'S JOE HIGGINS! GOOD LORD! OSWALD IS DEAD!!
HE'S DEAD, ALRIGHT!
I JUST CAME HERE TO ASK HIM SOME QUESTIONS. BUT WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE?
OSWALD DID! HE PHONED US AND STARTED TO BABBLE ABOUT THE LIMITED NOT GOING THRU A TUNNEL!!
HE ALSO MENTIONED A FREIGHTER, MARY ANN! THEN HE STOPPED, SO WE HURRIED RIGHT OVER!
GREAT SCOT! HE WAS TRYING TO SAY THEY'LL BE DESTROYED!
JOE AND DUSTY HURRY OUT!
YOU GO DOWN TO THE DOCKS, DUSTY! I'M GOING TO TRY TO HEAD OFF THAT TRAIN!!
YOU BET, JOE!


THE LIMITED ROARS TOWARD ITS DOOM!!
AS THE SHIELD, WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, RUNS TO MEET IT!!
WH. WHA' HITTIN' 70. AND HE PUSHED IT BACK LIKE A TOY!
WHOA, NELLIE!
WHILE IN THE VULTURE'S LABORATORY..
HA! 10 'IS EXACTLY! NOW, I THROW THIS RADIO-VIBRO LEVER, AND...
BROTHER! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A CLOSE SHAVE!
AT THAT MOMENT, ABOARD THE FREIGHTER MARY ANN...
THIS ENGINEER WON'T BOTHER US NOW! HURRY AND PLANT THAT RADIO!
IT'LL JUST TAKE A MINUTE!
THERE THEY ARE IN THE BOILER ROOM 'N THEY'RE FIXIN' A RADIO LIKE THE ONE IN THE PLANE!

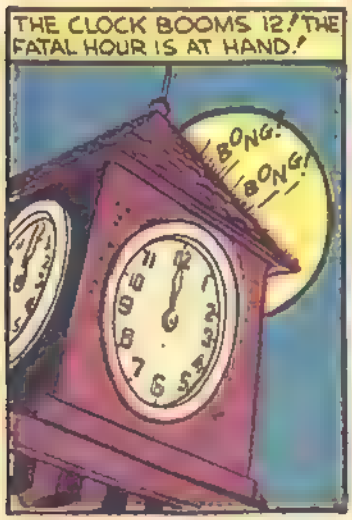
LOOK, WHAT THE WIND BLEW IN, MISTER!
WHAT... WHO...
UGH!
IN THESE TIMES, YA GOTTA TAKE IT ON THE CHIN, BOYS!
OOF!!
THAT BRAT'LL HAVE THE WHOLE SHIP DOWN ON OUR HEADS!
HELP!!
BOY! I WISH THE SHIELD COULD SEE THIS ONE!
THE KID'S A WILD-CAT! LET'S SCRAM!
THEY'RE NOT GOING TO SPOIL MY FUN!!
WE GOTTA GET OFF THIS BOAT! BUT FAST!
STICK AROUND, BOYS! THE PARTY'S JUST BEGINNING TO GET LIVELY!
OW!
NOW'S MY CHANCE - THEY'RE STILL GROGGY!
BULL'S EYE! BOY! THIS IS GOING TO BE SOME FISH STORY!

DUSTY MANEUVERS THE FREIGHT NET OVER THE RAIL
THE BOYS ARE A LITTLE HOT UNDER THE COLLARS! THIS WILL COOL 'EM OFF!
JUST THEN, THE SHIELD ARRIVES :
I HOPE DUSTY'S ALRIGHT!
HA, HA! AND I WAS WORRIED ABOUT DUSTY!
HELLO, SHIELD! THERE THEY ARE, WRAPPED, SEALED, AND READY FOR DELIVERY!!
HALP! GLUB! GLUB!
READY TO TALK.. OR MAYBE YOU'D RATHER HAVE SOME MORE WATER TREATMENTS!
GLUB! NO! NO MORE! WE'LL TALK!!
ALL RIGHT! GIVE!
THE RADIO WE PLANTED! IT'S OPERATED BY REMOTE CONTROL FROM THE VULTURE'S CASTLE ON ROSE HILL! IT'LL EXPLODE AT EXACTLY 12 O'CLOCK!!
HOOT MON! WHA'S ALL THIS RUCKUS ABOOT? CANNA A MON HAVE A WEE NAPPIE?
YOUR CARGO, CAPTAIN, IS FAKED! THIS SHIP WAS TO BE BLOWN UP WHILE YOU WERE OUT TO SEA!!
THOT CANNA BE!!
HOOT AWA'!! SAND!!
EXACTLY! AND A BILL OF LADING FOR GRAIN WOULD BE GIVEN TO THE INSURANCE COMPANY AND THEY'D COLLECT ON IT!
PARTIER GRAIN


LOOK, SHIELD, I FETCHED THE RADIO!
HERE! GIVE IT TO ME, DUSTY!

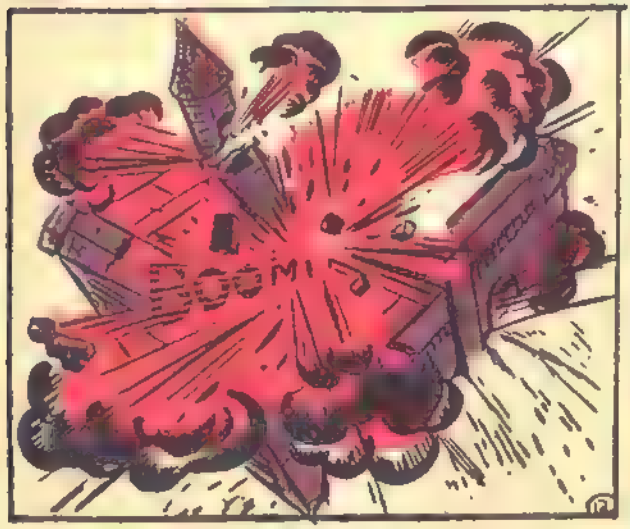

WHERE YOU GOING, SHIELD?
I'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE VULTURE! SEE YOU LATER!

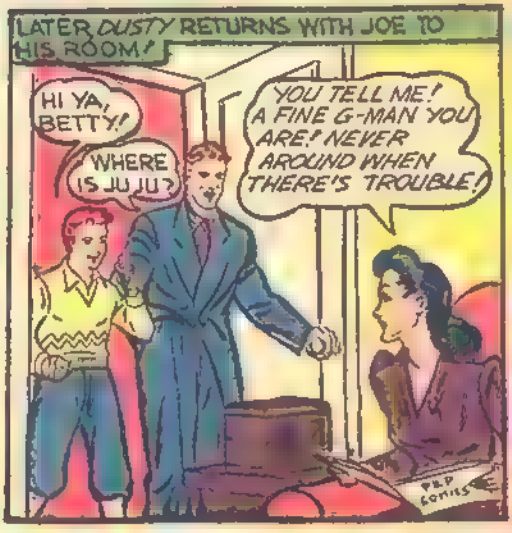
THE SHIELD MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD ROSE HILL....
THERE'S THE VULTURE'S CASTLE, AND IT'S ALMOST 12 O'CLOCK!


THE CLOCK BOOMS 12! THE FATAL HOUR IS AT HAND!
BONG! BONG!

HERE'S YOUR GADGET BACK, VULTURE! NOW GO AHEAD AND EXPLODE IT!

12 O'CLOCK! THE SHIP SHOULD BE WELL OUT TO SEA BY NOW! RICHES SHALL BE MINE!!


BOOM!

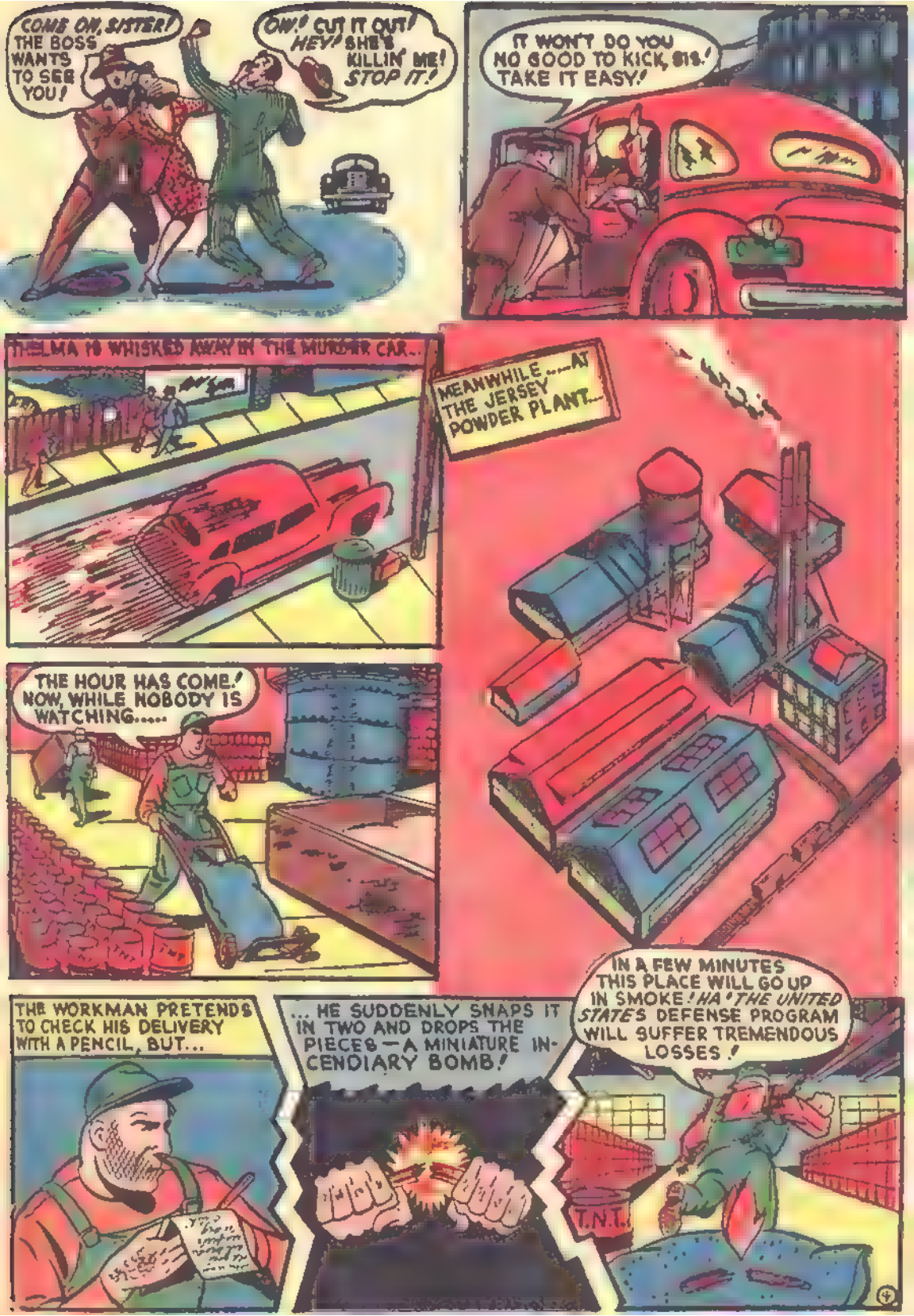

LATER DUSTY RETURNS WITH JOE TO HIS ROOM!
HI YA, BETTY!
WHERE IS JU JU?
YOU TELL ME! A FINE G-MAN YOU ARE! NEVER AROUND WHEN THERE'S TROUBLE!
PULP COMICS

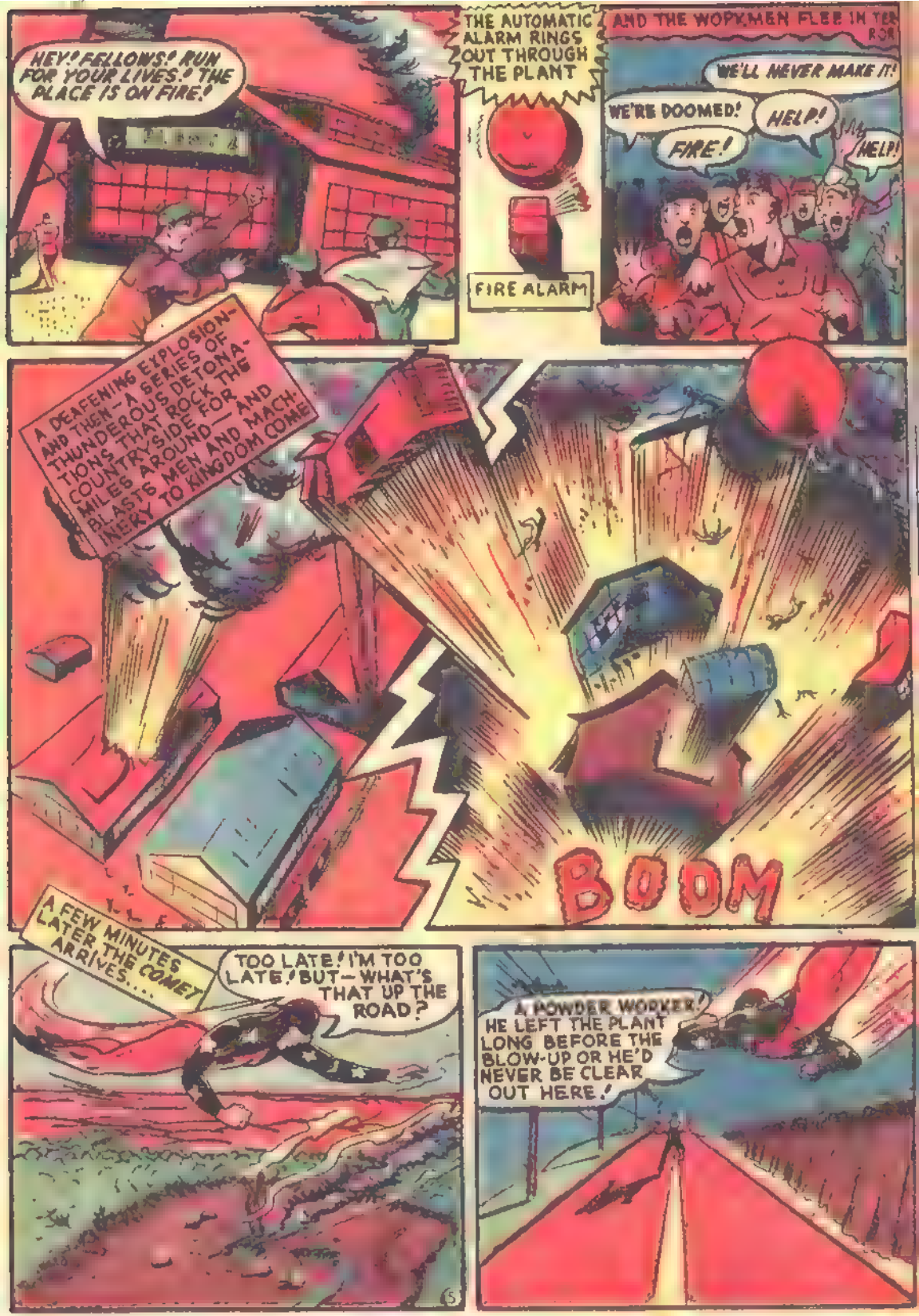
THE SHIELD DOES ALL THE WORK AND YOU TAKE THE CREDIT! WELL, AT LEAST YOU CAN TRY TO LOCATE JU JU!!
JU JU! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM? LET'S GO BACK TO THE AIRPORT!
AT THE AIRPORT.....
SEEN ANY-THING OF A G-MAN, WATCH-MAN?
NOPE! BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO LOOK AROUND!
HEY! JOE, BETTY... I FOUND HIM. HA, HA! HE'S IN THE GREASE PIT!!
GREASE PIT
ZZZZ
WELL, I'LL BE HEY! WAKE UP DOWN THERE!
LATER..
I COULDN'T CLIMB OUT... I WAS TOO SLIPPERY WITH GREASE! BUT I DID A LOT OF THINKING AND I GOT ALL THE ANGLES FIGURED OUT! NOW MY THEORY ... ETC. ETC.
IT'S ALL OVER, JU JU! THE SHIELD SOLVED THE CASE!
THE NEXT DAY, THE FIRE AND POLICE DEPART-MENTS COMB THE WRECKAGE OF THE VULTURE'S CASTLE
THAT'S FUNNY! HIGGINS, THE G-MAN, SAID WE'D FIND A BODY IN THERE!
WELL, WE'VE SEARCHED FOR HOURS AND NOT A SIGN OF IT! HE MUST'VE BEEN MISTAKEN
HOW COULD THE VULTURE HAVE SUR-VIVED THE TRE-MENDOUS BLAST? WILL THE SHIELD AND DUSTY - THE BOY DETECTIVE, ONCE AGAIN BE PLAGUED BY THE MASTER FIEND? YOU'LL MISS A LOT IF YOU MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS STARRING - THE SHIELD AND DUSTY - THE BOY DETECTIVE!

THE COMET
ANOTHER SMASH ADVENTURE OF THE MOST ASTOUNDING MAN ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH!
BY BLAIR-STREETER
TOM BRUMBY IS JUST LEAVING THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY BLAST. WHEN.....
GOT HIM!
UGH!
THELMA GORDON, GIRL REPORTER, SEES THE NEWSPAPER MAN SHOT DOWN
OH!
TOM! TOM!
SIDE DAILY
GET- STORY- MY DEPOSIT BOX! KEY- IN - MY - POCKET!
TOM.... HE'S DEAD!

EXTRA! EXTRA!
REPORTER SHOT DOWN IN COLD-BLOOD! READ ALL ABOUT IT!
EXTRA
LATER - THELMA GORDON SUMMONS THE COMET TO HER APARTMENT....
BUT WHAT'S BEHIND IT, THELMA? THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A REASON!
THERE IS! THAT'S WHY I HAD YOU COME HERE! I WANT YOU TO GO TO THE BANK WITH ME!
THE REASON WHY TOM BRUMBY WAS KILLED IS HIDDEN IN HIS DEPOSIT BOX!
NATIONAL BANK
THEY ARRIVE AT THE BANK
HERE THEY ARE!
THIS STUFF IS DYNAMITE!
THESE ARE REPORTS ON A SABOTAGE GANG! LET'S GET HOME, WHERE WE CAN READ THEM SAFELY!
AND HERE'S A PENCIL I FOUND IN THE BOX... I WONDER WHAT IT'S FOR?
I'M GOING TO TAKE IT, TOO! TOM MUST HAVE HAD A REASON FOR PUTTING IT UNDER LOCK AND KEY!
BACK AT THE COMET'S APARTMENT.
THIS IS AMAZING! THAT LAD SAT IN ON SOME MEETINGS OF A FIFTH COLUMN ORGANIZATION!
WHAT'S THIS?? THEIR FIRST JOB IS TO BLOW UP THE JERSEY POWDER COMPANY TODAY!

IF THIS IS SO, WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE AND YET, WE CAN'T NOTIFY THE POLICE OR THE PAPERS, BECAUSE IF BRUMBY WAS WRONG—WELL, ALL SORTS OF COMPLICATIONS MIGHT ARISE. I'LL HANDLE THIS MYSELF!
MILD-LOOKING JOHN DICKERING ENTERS HIS LABORATORY—TO BECOME THE COMET.
I WILL. AND YOU STAY OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL I GET BACK!
PLEASE BE CAREFUL.
HELLO! GIVE ME THE EDITOR, PLEASE! HELLO! RALPH? I WON'T BE IN TODAY. I'M WORKING ON A STORY AND...
HEY, BOSS! THAT DAME WHO SAW THE KILLIN' IS FINALLY CALLIN' THE PAPER!
MANAGING EDITOR
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO GET IN! IT WON'T TAKE YOU LONG AND THEN YOU'LL BE FREE TO GO AGAIN!
STEP ON IT, MIKE! SHE'S GOIN' TO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE! WE CAN GET HER BEFORE SHE GETS THERE!
MEANWHILE
THE COMET SPRINGS INTO ACTION
THAT'S HER! COME ON! NOBODY IS AROUND TO SEE US!
3

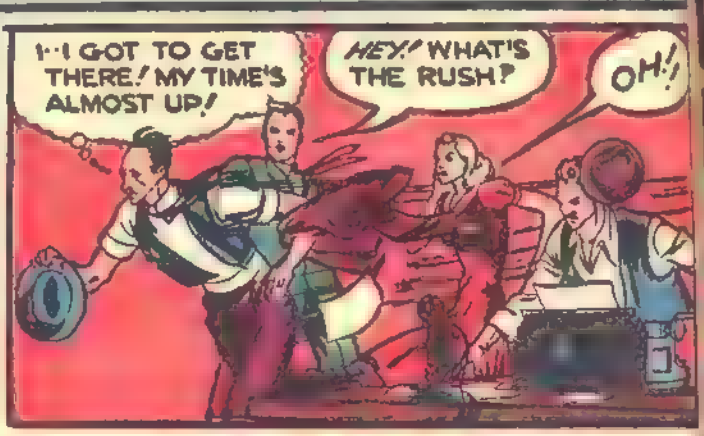

COME ON, SISTER! THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU!
OW! CUT IT OUT! HEY! SHE'S KILLIN' ME! STOP IT!
IT WON'T DO YOU NO GOOD TO KICK, SIS. TAKE IT EASY!
THELMA IS WHISKED AWAY IN THE MURDER CAR..
MEANWHILE....AT THE JERSEY POWDER PLANT...
THE HOUR HAS COME! NOW, WHILE NOBODY IS WATCHING.....
THE WORKMAN PRETENDS TO CHECK HIS DELIVERY WITH A PENCIL, BUT...
... HE SUDDENLY SNAPS IT IN TWO AND DROPS THE PIECES—A MINIATURE INCENDIARY BOMB!
IN A FEW MINUTES THIS PLACE WILL GO UP IN SMOKE! HA! THE UNITED STATES DEFENSE PROGRAM WILL SUFFER TREMENDOUS LOSSES!
T.N.T.

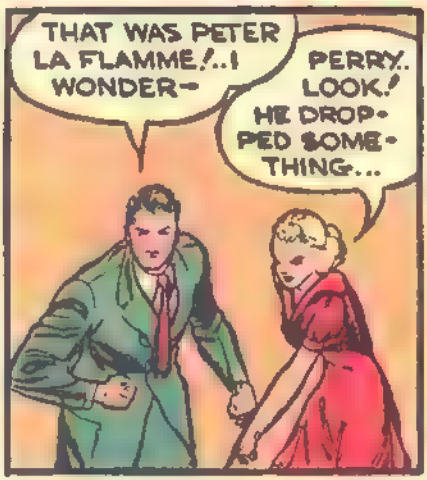

HEY! FELLOWS! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THE PLACE IS ON FIRE!
THE AUTOMATIC ALARM RINGS OUT THROUGH THE PLANT
FIRE ALARM
AND THE WORKMEN FLEE IN TER ROR
WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!
WE'RE DOOMED!
HELP!
FIRE!
HELP!
A DEAFENING EXPLOSION— AND THEN—A SERIES OF THUNDEROUS DETONATIONS THAT ROCK THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR MILES AROUND— AND BLASTS MEN AND MACHINERY TO KINGDOM COME
BOOM
A FEW MINUTES LATER THE COMET ARRIVES...
TOO LATE! I'M TOO LATE! BUT—WHAT'S THAT UP THE ROAD?
A POWDER WORKER! HE LEFT THE PLANT LONG BEFORE THE BLOW-UP OR HE'D NEVER BE CLEAR OUT HERE!

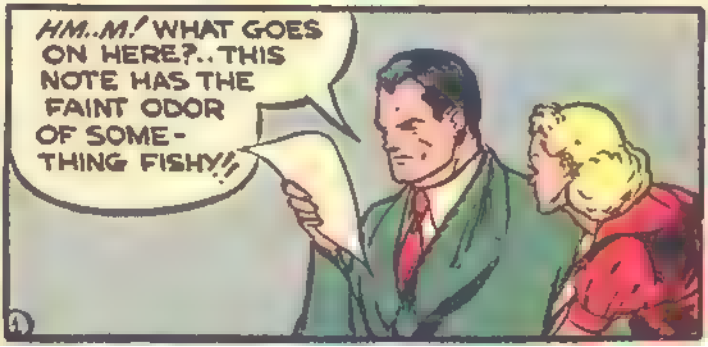
FORM LIKE THIS WOULD WIN THE ROSE BOWL GAME.
HEY! WHAT—
LET GO OF ME, YOU BLASTED MASQUERADER! LET GO OR I'LL DRILL YOU! HEAR ME?
THE COMET LIFTS HIS VISOR, RELEASING THE DISINTEGRATING RAY THAT ONLY GLASS WILL STOP THE WORKMAN'S GUN VANISHES COMPLETELY.
WH-WHAT KIND OF SHENANIGANS IS THIS? I GIVE UP! MAGIC AND I DON'T GET ALONG NO-HOW! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?
I WANT TO KNOW WHO IS BEHIND THIS SABOTAGE BUSINESS AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!
THE GANG IS IN A HIDE-OUT UP IN THE WOODS! I SWEAR IT'S THE TRUTH!
THANKS! BUT I'D BETTER TAKE YOU ALONG— JUST IN CASE!
SOME TIME LATER.....
IS THIS IT?
SURE! THAT'S THE PLACE! SEE! THERE'S THEIR CAR! NOW, WHAT'D I TELL YOU?
6
THE COMET IS ON THE TRAIL OF THE SABOTEURS! BUT WHAT HAS BECOME OF THELMA GORDON? AND WHAT FURTHER ADVENTURES AWAIT THE COMET, THE MOST ASTOUNDING MAN ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH? THE COMET MAKES HIS NEXT APPEARANCE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS.

PERRY CHASE.....
PRESS GUARDIAN

ONLY CYNTHIA BLAKE KNOWS THAT *PERRY CHASE*, SON OF THE PUBLISHER OF THE "DAILY EXPRESS," IS IN REALITY, THE BATTLING PROTECTOR OF THE FOURTH ESTATE.... THE *PRESS GUARDIAN!*







PETER LA FLAMME.
YOU'RE LATE WITH YOUR PAYMENT. I'M GIVING YOU UNTIL FIVE O'CLOCK TO MEET ME AT 347 WEST 4TH STREET WITH THE DOUGH, OR ELSE!
M.T.
I KNOW THAT ADDRESS! IT'S JUST A COUPLE OF BLOCKS FROM HERE..
C'MON, CYNTHIA, WE'RE GOING CALLING!
347 WEST 4TH.. ..MMM..THAT HOUSE IS VACANT...IT WAS CONDEMNED. SOUNDS LIKE A NICE SPOT FOR A HIDE-OUT!
HERE'S THE PLACE...
IF I'M NOT OUT IN FIFTEEN MINUTES... CALL AN AMBULANCE OR THE BLACK HOOD OR SOMETHING!
OH, PERRY! DON'T JOKE... PLEASE BE CAREFUL!
GOSH, IT'S DARK IN HERE! WELL-HERE'S WHERE I DO A QUICK CHANGE TO...
..THE PRESS GUARDIAN!
2

AH! VOICES!
WOW! SO BIG MIKE TONETTI IS MIXED UP IN THIS!
BUT M'SIEU TONETTI, I HAFF NOT ZE MONEE YOU REQUIRE! A LITTLE MORE TIME, S'IL VOUS PLAIT!
LISTEN, PUNK! YOU'VE HAD ALL THE TIME YOU'RE GONNA GET! DON'T FORGET, YOU CAME INTO THIS COUNTRY ILLEGALLY, AND I CAN PROVE IT!
UNLESS YOU COME ACROSS WITH THE HUSH MONEY, THE IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES ARE GONNA HEAR ABOUT YOU, AND QUICK!
BUT PLEASE, M'SIEU! IF I AM DEPORTED, MY FAMILY..... THEY WILL.....
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!

THE PRESS GUARDIAN!
YOU GUESSED IT!
NOW GUESS AGAIN. WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU NEXT?
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG!
NICE LITTLE ACT, PRESS GUARDIAN! BUT THIS IS YOUR LAST CURTAIN CALL!
NOW HEIST 'EM!

SACRE BLEU!
ZIS EES ZE OLD, ONE....
TWO!
ARR-OOF!
T'REE!
YOU PULLED ME OUT OF A BAD SPOT, FELLA!
MERCI!
ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO NOW IS TURN THESE BLACKMAILING CROOKS OVER TO THE COPS!
OUI, M'SIEU! IT SHOULD BE DONE, BUT.....
TURNING ZEM OVER TO ZE GENDARMES MEANS I SHALL BE FOUND OUT AND DEPORTED!
LISTEN! THAT'S A POLICE SIREN! FOLLOW ME, OUT THIS WINDOW, QUICK!
OUI, M'SIEU!

SAINTS BE PRAISED! WHAT'S BEEN GOIN' ON IN HERE..... A CYCLONE?
LOOKS MORE LIKE THE PRESS GUARDIAN'S OWN VERSION OF "GONE WITH THE WIND!"
I HAVE BEEN THINKING, M'SIEU....
I SHALL REPORT TO ZE POLICE AND TESTIFY AGAINST TONETTI! IT WILL MEAN MY DEPORTATION, BUT IT WILL END TONETTI'S REIGN OF TERROR!
PETER, YOU CAME INTO THIS COUNTRY BEFORE THE WORLD WAR, DIDN'T YOU?
OUI, M'SIEU! IN 1913. BUT WHY?
WHEN YOU VOLUNTEERED TO FIGHT FOR OUR COUNTRY, YOU TOOK THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE AND THAT AUTOMATICALLY MADE YOU A CITIZEN! THAT MEANS YOU CAN'T BE DEPORTED!
LATER....
YOU LOOK UNUSUALLY HAPPY TODAY, MR. LAFLAMME!
OUI, M'AMSELLE BLAKE! ZE FOREIGN SITUATION, SHE IS ALL CLEARED UP!
THE PRESS GUARDIAN CONTINUES HIS FIGHT FOR "THE FOURTH ESTATE" AGAIN NEXT MONTH IN PEP COMICS!

FU CHANG International DETECTIVE

FU CHANG, CHINESE SCHOLAR, EDUCATED IN AMERICA, IS HEIR TO THE MAGIC CHESSMEN OF ALADDIN, WITH WHOSE AID HE COMBATS THE FORCES OF EVIL AND OPPRESSION. NOW, WITH HIS FIANCÉE, TAY MING, FU CHANG RETURNS TO CHINA — HOME OF HIS ANCESTORS.

ONE DAY AS FU CHANG AND TAY MING STROLL ALONG A STREET IN CHAK-KU...

A STRANGE NATIVE KNOCKS THE INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE TO THE SIDEWALK.

THAT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT, TAY MING! LOOK! HE DROPPED A NOTE!

THE ABBOT OF CHAK-KU BEGS FU CHANG TO CALL ON HIM AT ONCE. IN THE NAME OF THE LORD BUDDHA — THE ABBOT ENTREATS IT.

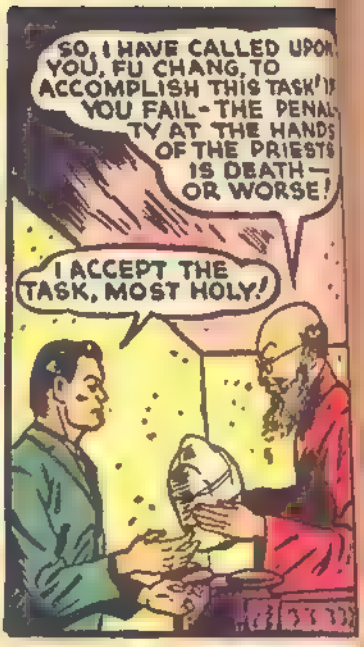
WHAT CAN IT MEAN, FU CHANG!

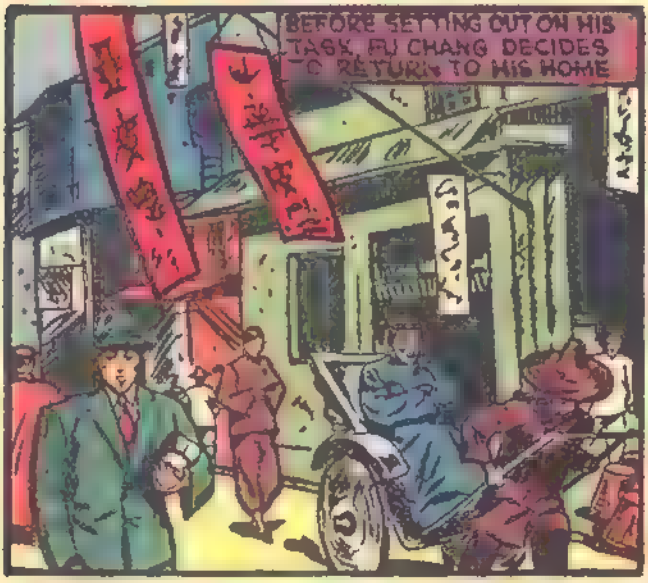
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I WILL CALL ON THE MOST HOLY ONE, OF COURSE! IT IS AN HONOR!

FU CHANG HURRIES OFF TO CHAK-KU MISSION...
...AND WALKS DOWN THE LONG, NARROW, CANDLE-LIT CORRIDOR, WHERE HE IS USHERED INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE ABBOT.
FU CHANG! THIS MOST HUMBLE ONE THANKS THE ALMIGHTY FOR YOUR HONORABLE VISIT!
IT IS I WHO AM HONORED, MOST HOLY!
AS HE SPEAKS, TWO ORIENTALS ENTER THE CHAMBER..
AH! HA-RI, THE BLIND, ARRIVES!
THIS IS WHY I HAVE SUMMONED YOU! IN THIS PACKAGE IS THE REAL JADE BUDDHA—STOLEN FROM THE TEMPLE OF THE SEVEN AGES, MANY YEARS AGO. A FALSE IDOL NOW OCCUPIES ITS PLACE IN THE TEMPLE!
IN TRYING TO REPLACE THIS BUDDHA—AND ATTEMPTING TO REMOVE THE FALSE ONE, HA-RI LOST HIS EYES!
THE PRIESTS OF THE TEMPLE SET UPON HIM...
BELIEVING HIM A COMMON THIEF

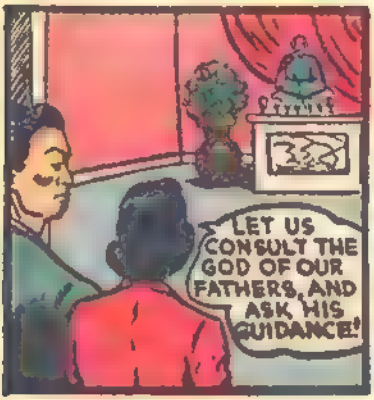
AND REMOVED HIS EYES FROM THEIR SOCKETS, THAT HE MIGHT NEVER AGAIN GAZE UPON THE BUDDHA.

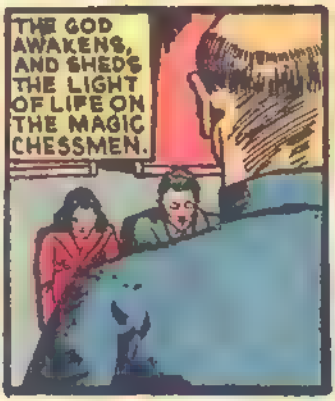
YES, FU CHANG, THAT IS THE TRUE STORY! I TOLD IT TO THE ABBOT AND HE AGREES WITH ME THAT THE REAL BUDDHA MUST BE REPLACED AND THE FALSE ONE REMOVED! BUT, THE PRIESTS OF THE TEMPLE AND OUR PEOPLE MUST NEVER KNOW THAT THEY HAVE BEEN WORSHIPING AN UNTRUE GOD ALL THESE YEARS!

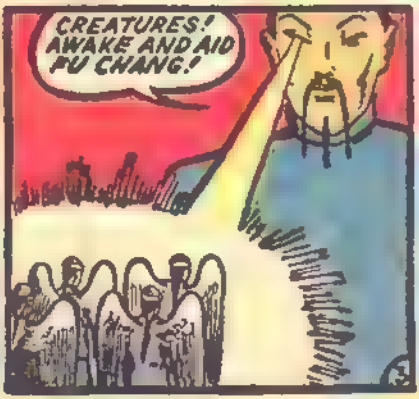

SO, I HAVE CALLED UPON YOU, FU CHANG, TO ACCOMPLISH THIS TASK! IF YOU FAIL - THE PENALTY AT THE HANDS OF THE PRIESTS IS DEATH — OR WORSE!
I ACCEPT THE TASK, MOST HOLY!

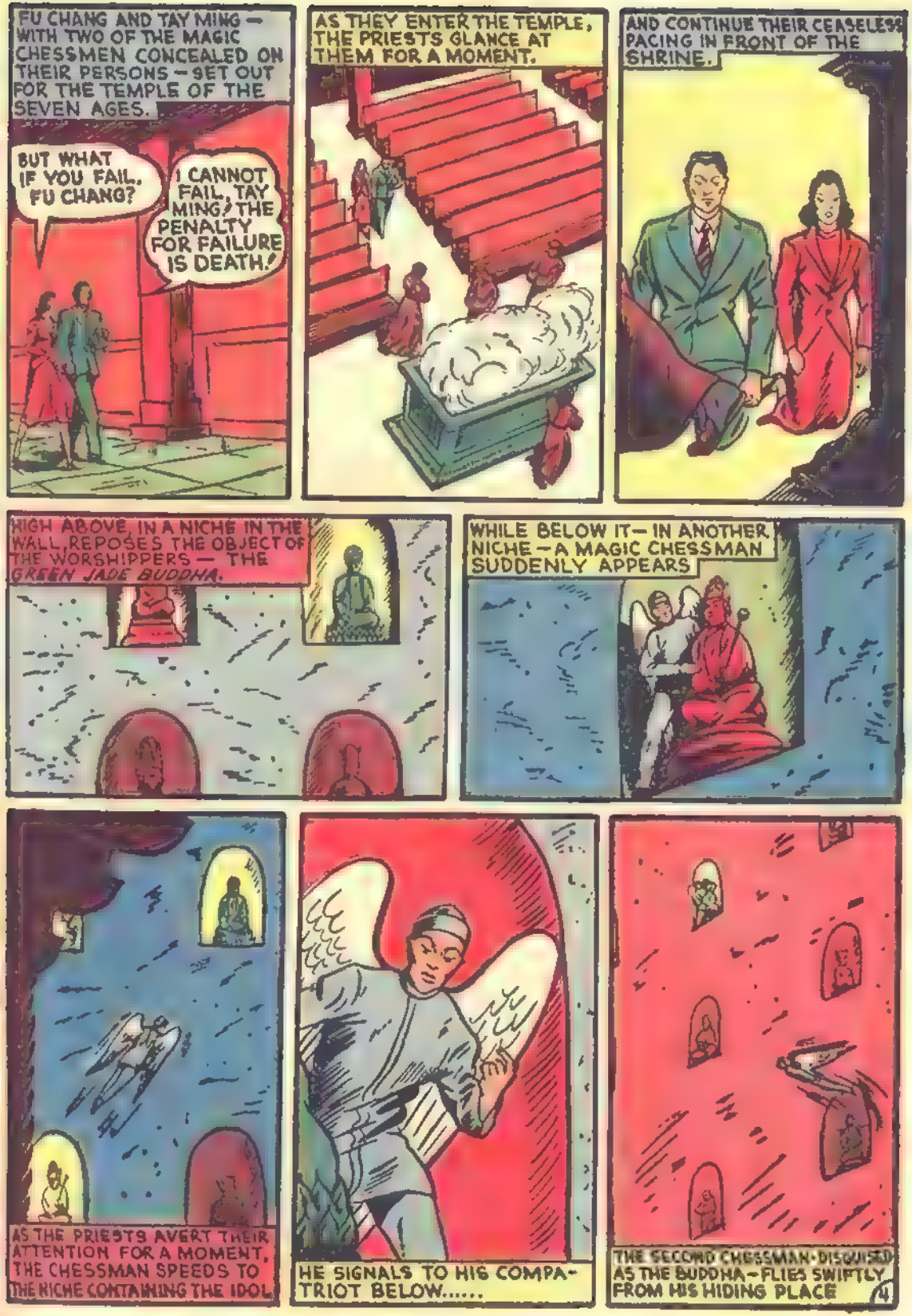

BEFORE SETTING OUT ON HIS TASK, FU CHANG DECIDES TO RETURN TO HIS HOME

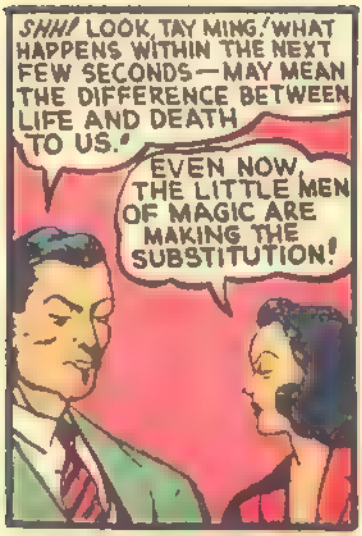
AND THIS, TAY MING, IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE REAL SACRED JADE BUDDHA!
I—I FEAR FOR YOUR SAFETY, BELOVED!


LET US CONSULT THE GOD OF OUR FATHERS, AND ASK HIS GUIDANCE!


THE GOD AWAKENS, AND SHEDS THE LIGHT OF LIFE ON THE MAGIC CHESSMEN.

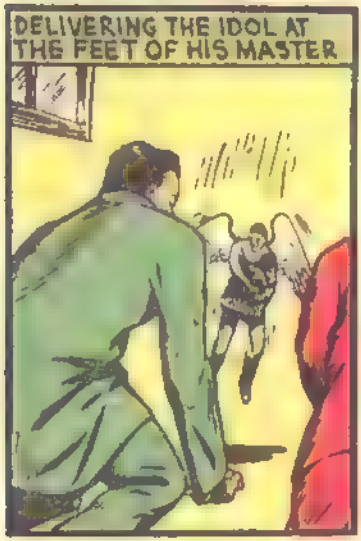

CREATURES! AWAKE AND AID FU CHANG!


FU CHANG AND TAY MING — WITH TWO OF THE MAGIC CHESSMEN CONCEALED ON THEIR PERSONS — SET OUT FOR THE TEMPLE OF THE SEVEN AGES.
BUT WHAT IF YOU FAIL, FU CHANG?
I CANNOT FAIL, TAY MING! THE PENALTY FOR FAILURE IS DEATH!
AS THEY ENTER THE TEMPLE, THE PRIESTS GLANCE AT THEM FOR A MOMENT.
AND CONTINUE THEIR CEASELESS PACING IN FRONT OF THE SHRINE.
HIGH ABOVE, IN A NICHE IN THE WALL, REPOSES THE OBJECT OF THE WORSHIPPERS — THE GREEN JADE BUDDHA.
WHILE BELOW IT — IN ANOTHER NICHE — A MAGIC CHESSMAN SUDDENLY APPEARS
AS THE PRIESTS AVERT THEIR ATTENTION FOR A MOMENT, THE CHESSMAN SPEEDS TO THE NICHE CONTAINING THE IDOL
HE SIGNALS TO HIS COMPATRIOT BELOW.....
THE SECOND CHESSMAN, DISGUISED AS THE BUDDHA — FLIES SWIFTLY FROM HIS HIDING PLACE
4


SHH! LOOK, TAY MING! WHAT HAPPENS WITHIN THE NEXT FEW SECONDS—MAY MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH TO US!
EVEN NOW, THE LITTLE MEN OF MAGIC ARE MAKING THE SUBSTITUTION!

THE MAGIC CHESSMAN GRASPS THE IDOL, HESITATES AN INSTANT, AND ....

..SPEEDS AWAY FROM THE NICHE


DELIVERING THE IDOL AT THE FEET OF HIS MASTER

ONE OF THE TEMPLE PRIESTS GLANCES UPWARD.
HO! SACRED MOTHER! WHAT DO MY UNWORTHY EYES DISCLOSE?

THE SACRED BUDDHA—IT IS GONE!

THIEVES! INFIDELS! DEATH SHALL BE YOUR LOT!
THE PRIEST CHALLENGES THE INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE AND BEAUTIFUL TAY MING.

TRULY—THERE IS SOME MISTAKE! LOOK, HOLY ONES! THE BUDDHA IS IN ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE!
5

AS FU CHANG SPEAKS, THE SECOND CHESSMAN—DISGUISED AS THE IDOL—SETTLES HIMSELF IN THE NICHE

IT IS OUR ERROR! WE BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS!
THE DIM LIGHT OF THE TEMPLE SOMETIMES DECEIVES ONE'S EYES!
WHEN HE HAS THE CHANCE, FU CHANG WETS A FINGER AND PLACES IT ON THE JEWELED EYES OF THE BUDDHA
SO! THESE ARE THE REAL DIAMONDS, BECAUSE YOU CAN NOT MOISTEN A DIAMOND! THIS IS THE REAL BUDDHA! IT IS AS I THOUGHT!
BRAVE CHESSMAN, REPLACE THIS SACRED IDOL IN THE NICHE AGAIN! IT IS THE TRUE JADE BUDDHA!
THEN THOSE MEN THEY ARE PLOTTERS!
YES, TAY MING! HA-RI AND HIS ACCOMPLICE WERE TRYING TO GET ME TO STEAL THE BUDDHA! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN WORTH A KING'S RANSOM TO THEM!
FU CHANG AND TAY MING HURRY TO THE ABBOT'S QUARTERS
RAISE YOUR HANDS, CONSPIRATORS! YOUR PLOT IS AT AN END!
THESE IS NO FURTHER REASON TO DENY IT, FU CHANG! I WAS HOPING TO HAVE THE BUDDHA IN MY POSSESSION!
SINCE YOU CONFESS, INSTEAD OF TURNING YOU OVER TO THE OFFICIALS, I FREE YOU ON CONDITION YOU NEVER SET FOOT IN A SACRED TEMPLE AGAIN!
YOU ARE A GREAT AND GOOD MAN, FU CHANG! I THANK YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART FOR AVERTING A GREAT TRAGEDY TO OUR PEOPLE!
I AM HUMBLY GRATEFUL FOR YOUR THANKS, MOST HOLY!
CONFUCIOUS SAY: IT IS NOT BUDDHA WHO MAKES MAN GREAT, BUT MAN WHO MAKES BUDDHA GREAT!
AND FU CHANG SAY: FOR THE BEST IN COMIC MAGAZINES—
PEP COMICS
GET MY VOTE — AND TAY MING'S TOO !!!

Free Tonguin'

THE American cowboy has always been an independent cuss in speech as well as action. Though he borrowed and adapted many articles of his picturesque outfit from the Mexican vaquero and took along their Spanish names for good measure, he couldn't be bothered with correct Spanish pronunciation. When asked by a new comer how he managed to pronounce all the Spanish names of things so commonly used on the Border, an old Texas "brush popper" replied

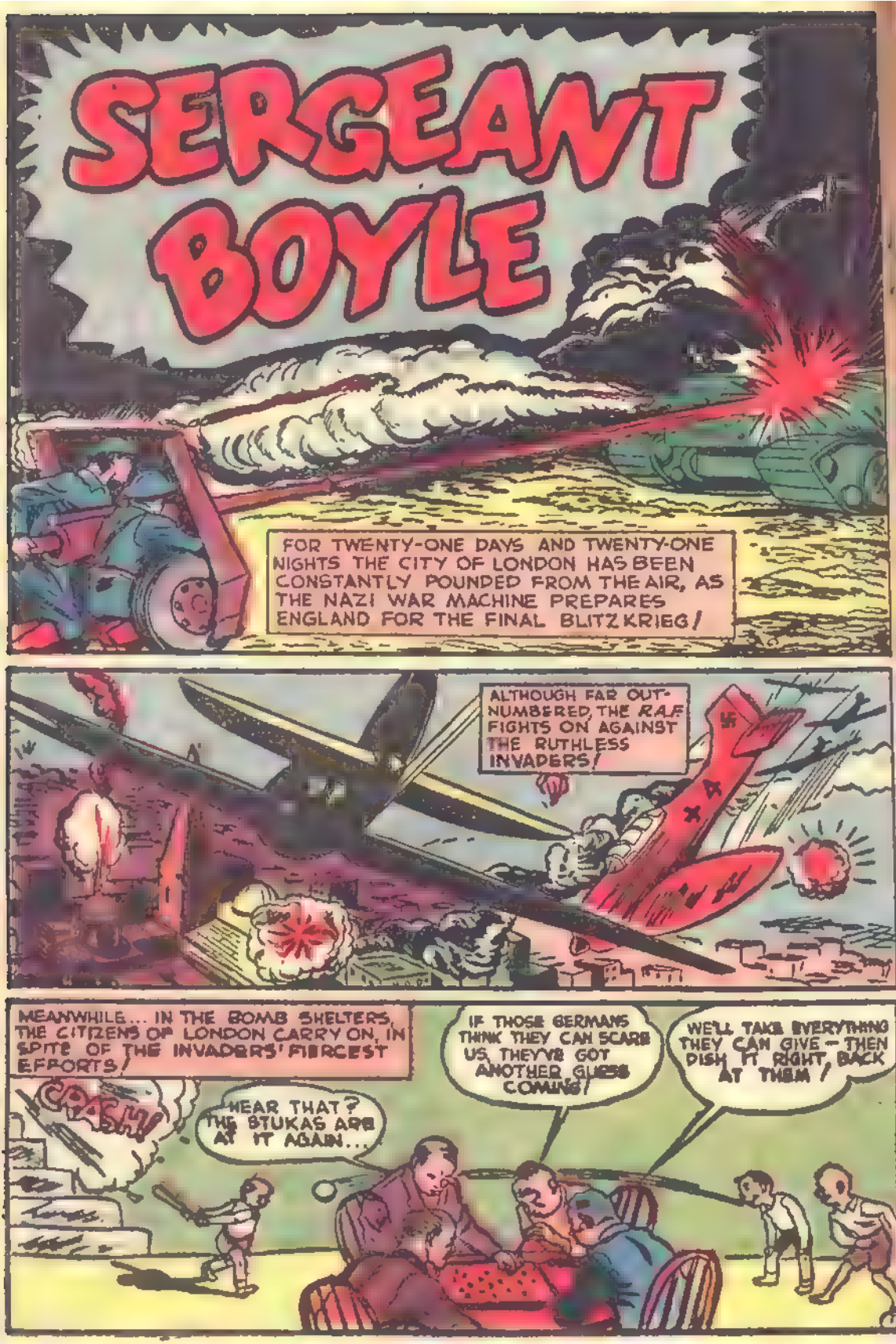
"Pernounce 'em, hell! I jest kinder free tongue 'em'" So today we have in cowboy language a lot of words of Spanish origin that bear little resemblance to Spanish. For the Texas cowmen not only "free tongued 'em'—they also "free spelt 'em."

The vaqueros called a tie rope a mecate (may cah tay) All over cattleland today you hear it called a "McCarty." That slim stiff rope woven from the fiber of the yucca century plant is a maguey (mah-gway)—but the free tonguin' puncher calls it "McGay" When the Mexican cowboy speaks of an improvised rope halter he calls it a jaquima (ha h kee-mah)—so today in the dictionaries you ll find "hackamore" as a good western word for rope halter!

A recent popular movie cowboy song uses "buckeroo" to mean a bucking horse or bronco, but "buckeroo" or "buckaroo" is just the cowboy's way of pronouncing vaquero, meaning "cowboy." "V" sounds and "b" sounds are interchangeable in Spanish. Texas cowboys found it hard to twist their tongues around cocinero, the Spanish word for "cook," so they just called it "coosie," and "coosie" it is to this day.

Asked to name a certain queer looking brand, a Mexican vaquero shrugged and said "Quien sabe?"—meaning "who knows?" The brand is still known today as the "Kin Savvy," because that's the way it sounded to a Texas puncher. The "Dolly Welter" wasn't named in memory of some cowboy's sweetie Sometimes it is called a "dally," and it means the turn taken around a saddle horn with a rope to make it holdable when it isn't tied fast. Back in Border Spanish where it came from it was "dale vuelta" (dah'-lay vwa'yl-tah) and means, literally, "give it a turn." Caballada (cah vahl ya'h thah), meaning simply a bunch of horses, is a right smart mouthful, so in cowboy lingo it's a "cavvy."

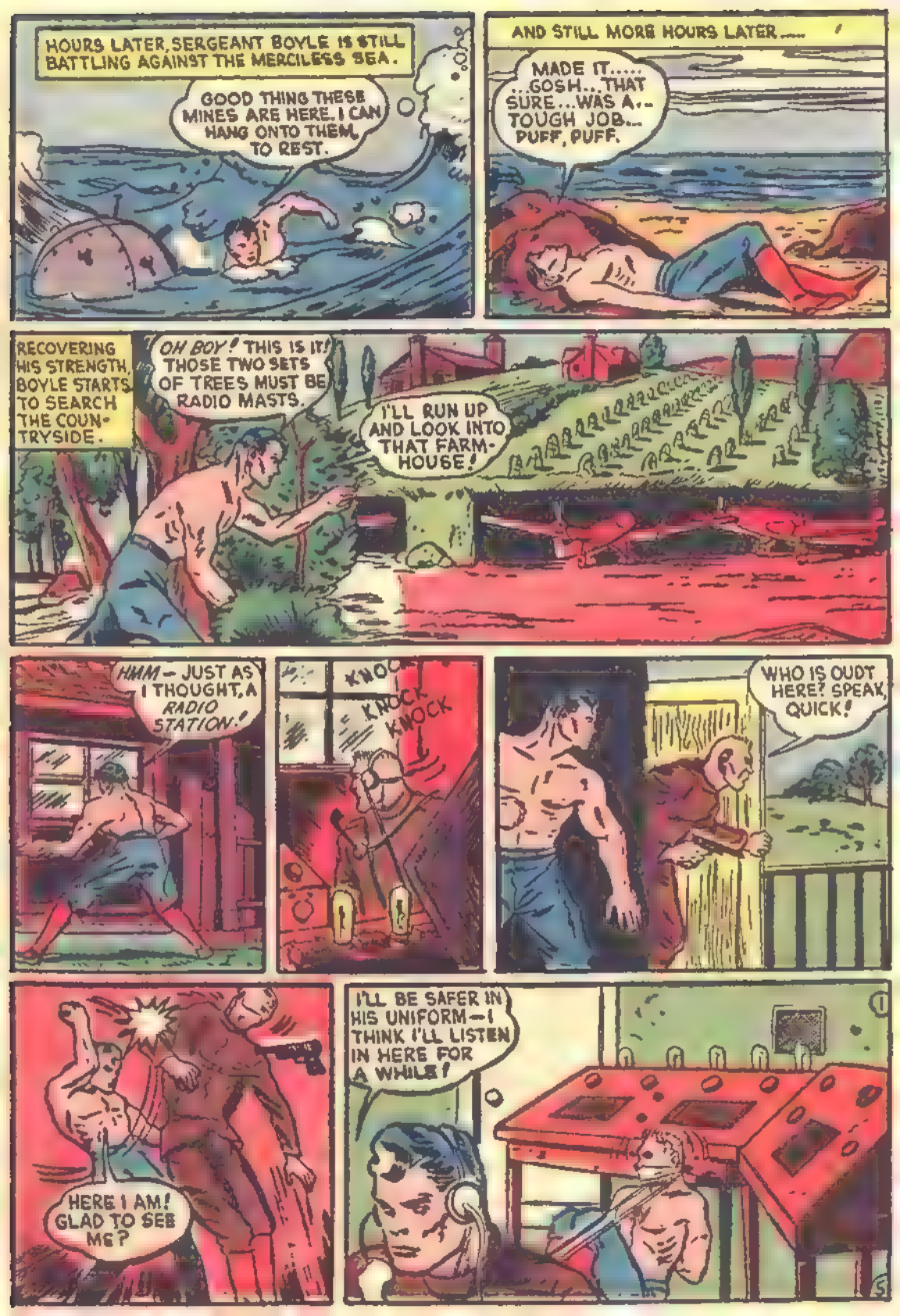
It would take a book big enough to throw at a bear to list all such cowboy words borrowed, free-tongue style, from the Spanish, but the cowboy isn't the only one who made use of the musical Castilian language to suit his own tongue and ears. Take our familiar southern word "pickaninny." It came to us from Spanish Louisiana. Try saying pequeno nino (pa) ka yn-yo ne en yo), Spanish for "little child," as fast as you can, then free-tongue it a little and see for yourself if it isn't plain old "pickaninny"!


SERGEANT BOYLE
FOR TWENTY-ONE DAYS AND TWENTY-ONE NIGHTS THE CITY OF LONDON HAS BEEN CONSTANTLY POUNDED FROM THE AIR, AS THE NAZI WAR MACHINE PREPARES ENGLAND FOR THE FINAL BLITZKRIEG!
ALTHOUGH FAR OUT-NUMBERED, THE RAF FIGHTS ON AGAINST THE RUTHLESS INVADERS!
MEANWHILE... IN THE BOMB SHELTERS, THE CITIZENS OF LONDON CARRY ON, IN SPITE OF THE INVADERS' FIERCEST EFFORTS!
CRASH!
HEAR THAT? THE STUKAS ARE AT IT AGAIN...
IF THOSE GERMANS THINK THEY CAN SCARE US, THEY'VE GOT ANOTHER GUESS COMING!
WE'LL TAKE EVERYTHING THEY CAN GIVE — THEN DISH IT RIGHT BACK AT THEM!

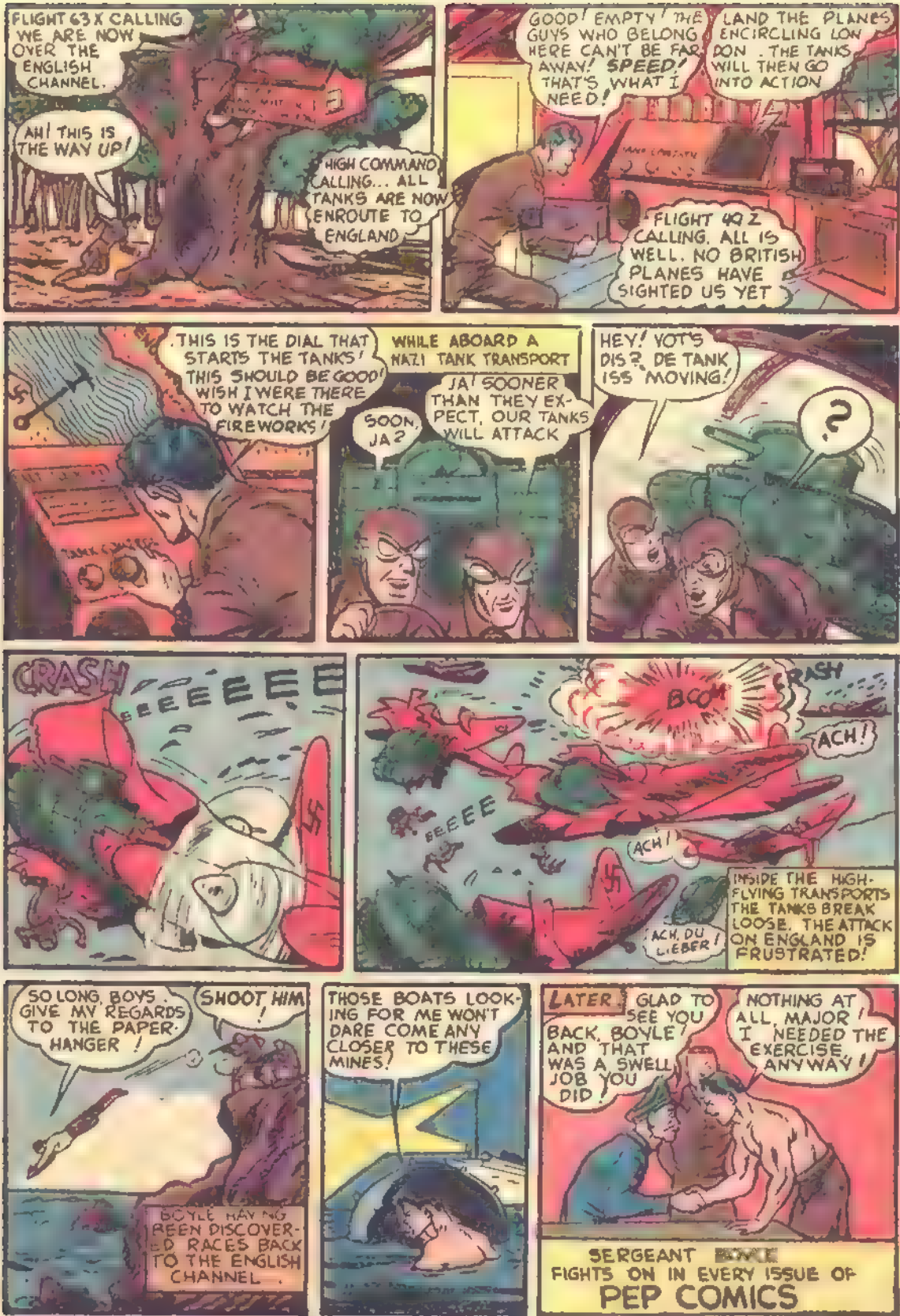
HO-HUM! SLEEP WELL, BOYLE?
SURE DID, TWERP ...HEY! WHAT'S THIS GUY SO EXCITED ABOUT?
OUR BOYS SHOT DOWN A HEINIE! A MOB'S GOT HIM IN THE STREET. I TRIED TO TAKE HIM AWAY FROM THEM, BUT THEY WOULDN'T LET ME... THEY'LL KILL HIM!
C'MON, TWERP. IF A PILOT WAS SHOT DOWN, HE'S A PRISONER OF WAR, NOT HANGNOOSE BAIT FOR A MOB!
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
STAND BACK, FOLKS. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS MAN!
HE MAY HAVE VALUABLE INFORMATION TO GIVE US!
A FEW HOURS LATER
THE MAJOR'S SURE BEEN WORKING ON HIM A LONG TIME!
I WONDER IF HE FOUND ANYTHING.
THAT BIRD WON'T SPILL A THING... HE KNOWS PLENTY, BUT WE CAN'T GET IT OUT OF HIM!
MAY I QUESTION HIM, MAJOR? I MAY BE ABLE TO MAKE HIM TALK.
RIGHTO, BOYLE, GO TO IT. BUT - REMEMBER, NO ROUGH STUFF! THIS MAN IS A PRISONER OF WAR
HELLO, HEINIE! HOW ABOUT BEING A NICE EGG AND SPILLING WHAT YOU KNOW?
H'YA, LIMEY... HOW ABOUT TAKING A GOOD HOT BATH FOR YOUR SELF?

WISE GUY, HUH! OPEN UP OR I'LL SLAP YOU SILLY— WE WANT TO KNOW YOUR HIGH COMMAND'S PLANS!
EVEN IF I KNEW, I WOULDN'T TELL SO STOP WASTING YOUR TIME!
LAY OFFA ME, YUH BIG BALONEY— YOU'RE TOUGH BECAUSE YUH GOT A WHOLE ARMY BEHIND YUH!
SO THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, EH?
WELL, GET UP, AND WE'LL HAVE IT OUT, MAN TO MAN— AND THE UNIFORMS AND THE ARMIES DON'T MEAN A THING. THIS IS BETWEEN YOU AND ME!
OKAY, BUDDY! IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT. I'LL BE GLAD TO DO MY BIT!
GET 'EM UP!
BOY! THAT'S QUITE A POSE YOU'VE GOT THERE. WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, JOHN L. SULLIVAN?
THINK IT'S FUNNY, EH? HOW'S THIS?
NOT BAD, NOT BAD! WITH A LITTLE BIT OF TEACHING YOU COULD PROBABLY LEARN TO BE A PRETTY GOOD FIGHTER!
MAYBE YOU WANT TO TEACH ME
ALRIGHT, I WILL!

SOAN'S MOTHER MAY I GO OUT TO PLAY?
COME OUT OF IT, BUDDY! COME OUT OF IT! COME ON, YOU MADE A GOOD TRY! A CLEAN ONE!
WELL, I GUESS YOU'RE THE BEST MAN WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?
WHAT I WANT TO KNOW? SAY, ARE YOU KIDDING ME?
I'M ON THE LEVEL. I'M NO HEINIE, I'M SWISS! BUT THE GERMANS WERE HOLDING MY PARENTS AS HOSTAGES, AND I HAD TO JOIN THEIR ARMY, OR ELSE THEY'D GET KILLED!
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL WHAT YOU KNEW TO THE MAJOR?
I NEVER FORGET A FACE THAT MAJOR WAS A BOXING REFEREE WHEN I WAS A PUG, AND HE ONCE GAVE ME A BUM DECISION!
WELL, THAT'S OLD STUFF— LET'S GO OUT AND TELL HIM YOU'LL TALK!
OKAY I DON'T KNOW TOO MUCH BUT I SAW THE GERMANS SHIPPING THOUSANDS OF TANKS TO THE AIRPORTS ALL ALONG THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.
YES SIR—AND THEY WERE BUILDING AIRPORTS UNDER-GROUND!
YOU SEE, MAJOR, THOUSANDS OF PLANES AND THOUSANDS OF TANKS ARE HIDDEN FROM OUR AIRFORCE. THAT MEANS THEY'RE PLANNING AN INVASION!
YES, BUT HOW CAN WE STOP THEM, IF OUR PLANES CAN'T FIND THEM?
I'LL FIND THEM! AND IF I CAN'T STOP THEM, I'LL AT LEAST KNOW THEIR POSITION!
HEY, WAIT! HOW CAN YOU GET ACROSS THE CHANNEL—A PLANE WOULD BE SEEN AN' A BOAT CAN'T GET THROUGH!
SQUARE HEAD, THAT GUY IS THE BEST SOLDIER AND THE FINEST MAN I EVER KNEW. IF YOU GAVE US A BUM STEER, AND HE DOESN'T COME BACK, I'LL PERSONALLY KILL YOU!
FAIR ENOUGH!
SO FAR AS I CAN SEE THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OVER.
AND THIS IS IT IF GERTRUDE EDERLE COULD SWIM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, SO CAN I!

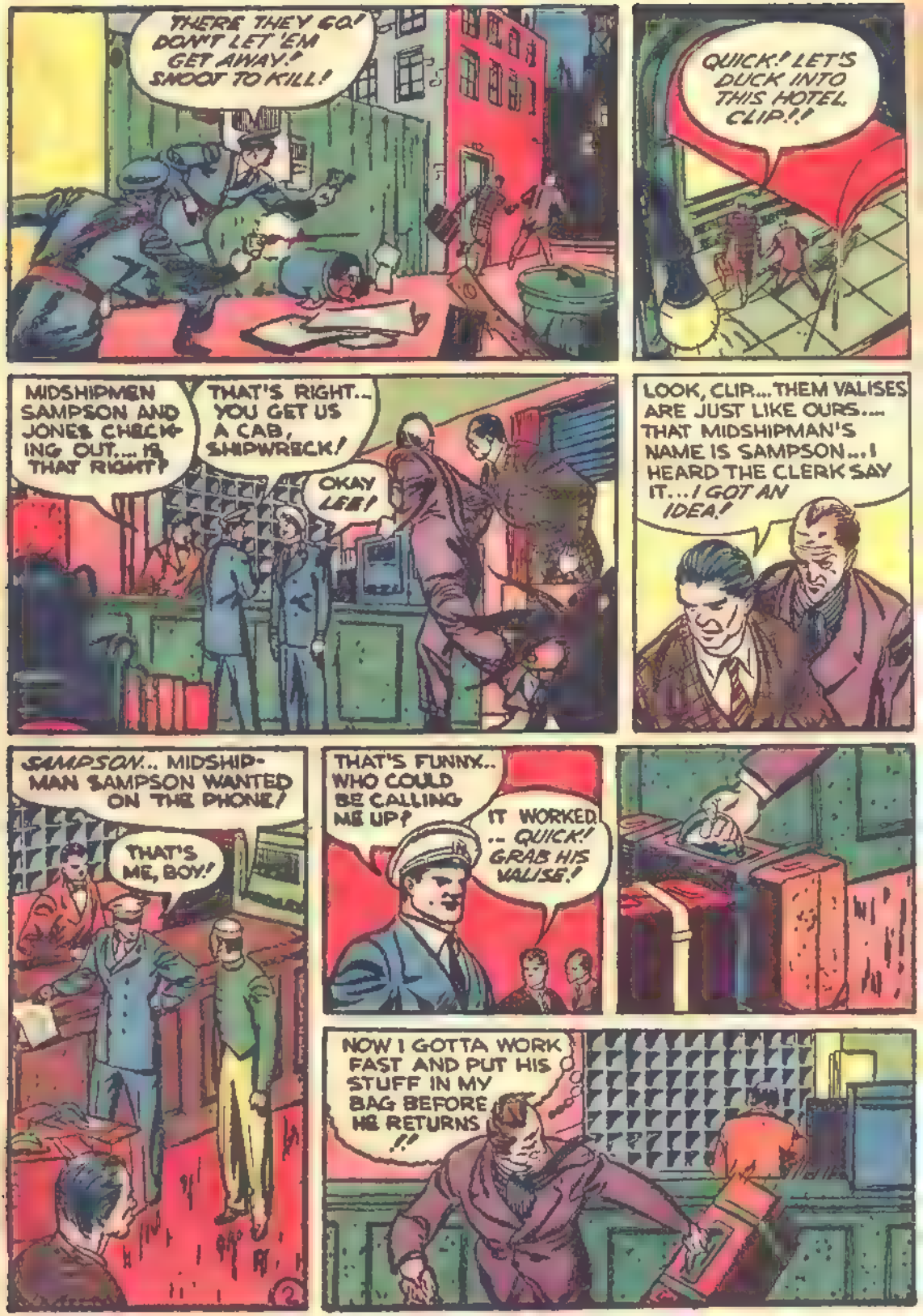

HOURS LATER, SERGEANT BOYLE IS STILL BATTLING AGAINST THE MERCILESS SEA.
GOOD THING THESE MINES ARE HERE. I CAN HANG ONTO THEM TO REST.
AND STILL MORE HOURS LATER.....
MADE IT..... ...GOSH... THAT SURE... WAS A... TOUGH JOB... PUFF, PUFF.
RECOVERING HIS STRENGTH, BOYLE STARTS TO SEARCH THE COUNTRYSIDE.
OH BOY! THIS IS IT! THOSE TWO SETS OF TREES MUST BE RADIO MASTS.
I'LL RUN UP AND LOOK INTO THAT FARMHOUSE!
HMM – JUST AS I THOUGHT, A RADIO STATION!
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
WHO IS OUDT HERE? SPEAK, QUICK!
HERE I AM! GLAD TO SEE ME?
I'LL BE SAFER IN HIS UNIFORM – I THINK I'LL LISTEN IN HERE FOR A WHILE!

HIGH COMMAND CALLING! GET THE ROBOT OPERATED TANKS ABOARD THE GIANT TRANSPORT PLANES, THE FIRST INVASION FLIGHT IS TO START IMMEDIATELY!
HIGH COMMAND CALLING! BE SURE THE ROBOT TANKS ARE ALL SET, SO THAT THE RADIO BEAM CONTROL WILL SET THEM IN MOTION AT THE PROPER TIME!
YA
YA
THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW!
THERE GOES THE FIRST FLIGHT. IN FIVE MINUTES THEY'LL BE OVER ENGLAND!
OKAY, BUDDY! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE ROBOT TANKS—WHERE IS THEIR BEAM CONTROL TOWER!
I DON'T KNOW NOTHING!
I CAN'T WASTE TIME WITH HIM—MAYBE I CAN STOP THE PLANES—NOPE IT'S TOO LATE!
BOYLE LEAVES HIS PRISONER AND DESCENDS INTO THE UNDERGROUND AIRPORT!
OKAY! THIS IS THE LAST ONE!
BOYLE RETURNS TO HIS PRISONER.
GET READY TO TALK OR YOU'RE A GONER! I'M PULLING THE PIN ON THIS GRENADE!
YOU CAN'T SCARE ME!
MAYBE I CAN'T, BUT YOU'RE GIVING A PRETTY GOOD IMITATION OF IT RIGHT NOW!
HEY! WAIT! COME BACK! I'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING! EVERYTHING!
DOWN THE ROAD THEN TAKE THE FIRST RIGHT TURN. THE BEAM CONTROL IS BUILT IN A TREE, YOU CAN'T MISS IT. THE TANKS OPERATE FROM THERE. THEY DON'T NEED MEN TO OPERATE THEM OR TO FIRE THE GUNS!
THAT'S NICE TO KNOW, NOW MAYBE IT'LL RELIEVE YOU TO KNOW THAT THERE'S NO FUSE IN THIS GRENADE, IT CAN'T EXPLODE!


FLIGHT 63 X CALLING WE ARE NOW OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.
AH! THIS IS THE WAY UP!
HIGH COMMAND CALLING... ALL TANKS ARE NOW ENROUTE TO ENGLAND
GOOD! EMPTY! THE GUYS WHO BELONG HERE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY! SPEED! THAT'S WHAT I NEED!
LAND THE PLANES ENCIRCLING LONDON. THE TANKS WILL THEN GO INTO ACTION
FLIGHT 99 Z CALLING. ALL IS WELL. NO BRITISH PLANES HAVE SIGHTED US YET
THIS IS THE DIAL THAT STARTS THE TANKS! THIS SHOULD BE GOOD! WISH I WERE THERE TO WATCH THE FIREWORKS!
WHILE ABOARD A NAZI TANK TRANSPORT
SOON, JA?
JA! SOONER THAN THEY EXPECT, OUR TANKS WILL ATTACK
HEY! VOT'S DIS? DE TANK ISS MOVING!
?
CRASH
EEEEEEE
BOOM
CRASH
ACH!
EEEEE
ACH!
ACH, DU LIEBER!
INSIDE THE HIGH-FLYING TRANSPORTS THE TANKS BREAK LOOSE. THE ATTACK ON ENGLAND IS FRUSTRATED!
SO LONG, BOYS. GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE PAPER-HANGER!
SHOOT HIM!
BOYLE HAVING BEEN DISCOVERED RACES BACK TO THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.
THOSE BOATS LOOKING FOR ME WON'T DARE COME ANY CLOSER TO THESE MINES!
LATER. GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK, BOYLE! AND THAT WAS A SWELL JOB YOU DID!
NOTHING AT ALL, MAJOR! I NEEDED THE EXERCISE, ANYWAY!
SERGEANT BOYLE FIGHTS ON IN EVERY ISSUE OF
PEP COMICS

Lee Sampson, MIDSHIPMAN

THE ARMY-NAVY FOOTBALL GAME HAS JUST BEEN FINISHED, AND THE MIDSHIPMEN ARE IN A HOTEL IN PHILADELPHIA, ABOUT TO RETURN TO ANNAPOLIS.....
THE SHRILL SCREAM OF A SIREN IS HEARD, AS A POLICE CAR GIVES CHASE TO BANDITS THRU PHILADELPHIA'S STREETS....
I SHOT ONE OF THE TIRES... THEY'RE AS GOOD AS CAUGHT!!
BANG! BANG!
THE BANDIT'S CAR HURTLES INTO A POLE!
CRASH
WE'RE SUNK, HOPPER!
NOT YET, WE AIN'T! C'MON LET'S RUN FOR IT!
THE COPS ARE RIGHT ON OUR TAILS! WE GOTTA STEP ON IT!


THERE THEY GO! DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY! SHOOT TO KILL!
QUICK! LET'S DUCK INTO THIS HOTEL CLIP!!
MIDSHIPMEN SAMPSON AND JONES CHECKING OUT.... IS THAT RIGHT?
THAT'S RIGHT... YOU GET US A CAB, SHIPWRECK!
OKAY LEE!
LOOK, CLIP... THEM VALISES ARE JUST LIKE OURS.... THAT MIDSHIPMAN'S NAME IS SAMPSON... I HEARD THE CLERK SAY IT... I GOT AN IDEA!
SAMPSON... MIDSHIPMAN SAMPSON WANTED ON THE PHONE!
THAT'S ME, BOY!
THAT'S FUNNY.. WHO COULD BE CALLING ME UP?
IT WORKED -- QUICK! GRAB HIS VALISE!
NOW I GOTTA WORK FAST AND PUT HIS STUFF IN MY BAG BEFORE HE RETURNS !!

NOBODY WAS ON THE PHONE! IT MUST'VE BEEN A MISTAKE.... HEY, SHIPWRECK! GOT THE CAB?
YEAH, LEE...
THE COPPERS!!
THOUGHT YOU COULD GET AWAY, HUH! DON'T MOVE!
WHAT'S THE RAP, COPPERS? YOU GOT NOTHING ON US!!
OH, NO! OPEN HIS VALISE, MEN!
WELL, I'LL BE! NOTHING BUT HAIRBRUSHES, SHIRTS AND STUFF!
WHAT THE! WE GOT THE WRONG GUYS!
I DON'T GET IT...I COULDA SWORE THE CROOKS CAME IN HERE!
ME TOO!!
THE POLICE MAKE THEIR REPORT.....
THEY MADE A PERFECT GETAWAY, SARGE!
WHAT! THE D.A WILL HAVE OUR HIDES FOR THIS!
YEAH, WE THOUGHT THEY SNEAKED INTO A HOTEL AND THEN....
BOY, AM I SMART! NOW WE GO TO ANNAPOLIS AND PICK UP OUR VALISE! THAT DUMB MIDDIE'LL NEVER GET WISE TO THE SECRET COMPARTMENT WHERE WE GOT THE SWAG HID!
YOU SURE PUT IT OVER ON THEM COPS, HOPPER!
THAT WAS A FUNNY INCIDENT IN THE LOBBY, LEE!
YEAH! YOU KNOW THOSE TWO BIRDS DID LOOK LIKE CROOKS, SHIPWRECK!
3

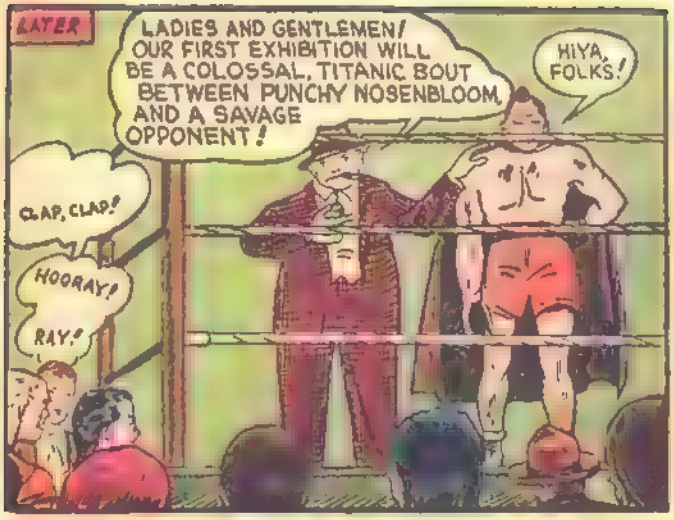
WELL, HERE WE ARE AT ANNAPOLIS! WHAT DO WE NOW, HOPPER?
ASK SOMEBODY FOR SAMPSON, DOPE.
ER...EXCUSE ME. COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE MIDSHIPMAN SAMPSON'S QUARTERS ARE?
WHY CERTAINLY, SIR. I'LL TAKE YOU THERE MYSELF!
ER...NO THANKS... WE'RE HIS UNCLES. ...WE WANT TO SURPRISE HIM!
HA, HA...I UNDERSTAND! IT'S ROOM 26 IN THE DORMITORIES!
SHIPWRECK HAS A VISITOR TOO...HIS DAD.
WHERE'S LEE SAMPSON, SON... I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM AND SAY HELLO
SURE, DAD...
HE MUST BE IN HIS ROOM...WAIT HERE, DAD, I'LL GO GET HIM!
ALL RIGHT, SON.
MEANWHILE... IN LEE'S ROOM....
HERE IT IS, CLIP... OUR VALISE... EVERYTHING'S PERFECT!
LET'S GET THE SWAG AND GET OUT OF HERE!
LEE! HEY LEE!
THAT'S O'KEEFE CALLING ME, MAE. WONDER WHAT HE WANTS?
4
YOUR UNCLES JUST CAME. I TOLD 'EM WHERE YOUR ROOM IS...THEY MUST BE THERE WAITING FOR YOU!
UNCLES! WHY, I HAVE NO UNCLES!

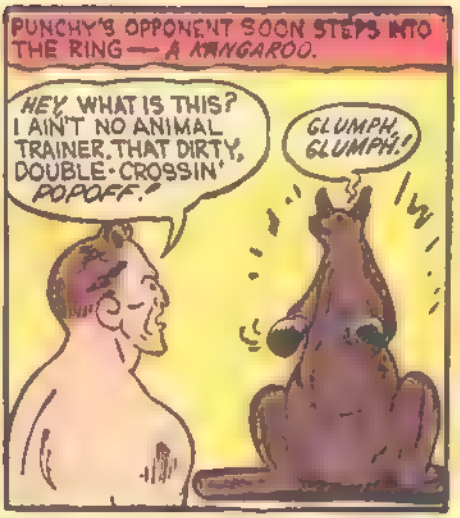
SHIPWRECK APPROACHES LEE'S ROOM
LEE! HEY, LEE...
CRIPES! IT'S A MIDDIE.... DUCK, QUICK!
MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME....
NEVER MIND THE WISE-CRACKS.... GRAB THAT VALISE AND LET'S LAM!!
OOOOH!
LOOK, HOPPER! SAMPSON!
WE AIN'T WASTIN' ANY TIME WITH THIS MUG! HE GETS HIS!
OH! SO YOU'RE MY UNCLES!
OOF!
YOU'VE GOTTA BE QUICKER ON THE DRAW THAN THAT, UNCLE!!
NOW, YOU GET YOURS, PUNK!
OOOOH! I'M STILL GROGGY! HEY! HE'S GONNA SHOOT LEE!
WANNA PLAY UNCLE, HUH? OKAY, SAY UNCLE!
SLUG ME WHEN I'M NOT LOOKING, WILL YOU? WELL, HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOUR FAMILY ALBUM!
5.

MAE AND THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ACADEMY COME RUNNING UP....
HERE, HERE! WHAT'S GOING ON?
IT IS NOW, MAE
LEE! IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT?
WHAT HAPPENED MIDSHIPMAN SAMPSON? WHO ARE THESE MEN?
THESE MEN ARE CROOKS, SIR! THEY VERY CLEVERLY SWITCHED SUIT-CASES WITH ME IN PHILADELPHIA!
THEY DIDN'T THINK I WOULD DISCOVER THEIR LOOT IN THIS SECRET COM-PARTMENT!
SO YOU SEE, I KNEW THEY'D COME FOR THEIR VALISE AND I WAS WAITING FOR THEM!
VERY CLEVER, SAMP-SON! BUT HOW DID YOU DETECT THE SWITCH? THE VALISES LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE!
LEE BLUSHES FUR-IOUSLY.....
WELL...ER... THAT IS, SIR....I MEAN.. ....ER...
6
...ER C'MON MAE..... LET'S GO!
HA, HA! EXCUSE ME SIR.... HE'S TRYING TO SAY HE ALWAYS KEEPS MAE'S PICTURE ON TOP WHERE IT WON'T BE DAMAGED! IT WAS ON THE BOTTOM WHEN HE UNPACKED!!
HA! HA!
HO! HO!
THE MIDSHIPMAN NEVER FAILS TO GIVE YOU YOUR MONEY'S WORTH IN READING PLEASURE... HE APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF PEP COMICS.

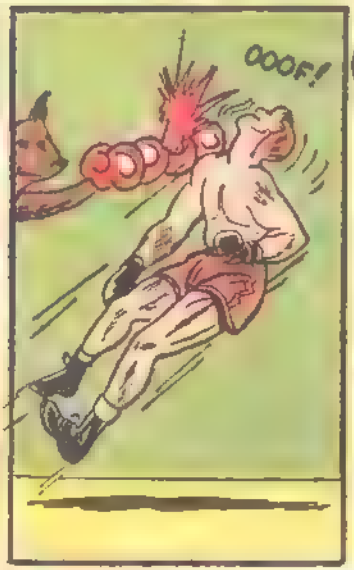
KAYO WARD
KAYO WARD, RUNNER-UP TO THE WORLD'S HEAVY-WEIGHT TITLE, IS NOW A MOVIE STAR AND HE DOESN'T LIKE IT BUT CONNIE HODGES, HIS FIANCEE, ALSO A STAR, LIKES IT.... TOO MUCH IN FACT, TO SUIT KAYO!
CONNIE HODGES
BY BOB WOOD AND HARRY SHORTEN
SWELL PARTY CONNIE'S THROWIN', HUH, KAYO?
IT'S THE THIRD ONE THIS WEEK, PUNCHY!
I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF THIS KIND OF BUSINESS, PUNCHY! IT AIN'T THE LIFE FOR CONNIE 'N ME!
CONNIE DOESN'T THINK SO, KAYO! WHY DONCHA SPEAK TO HER?
I WILL..... CONNIE, I'M TIRED OF HOLLYWOOD. LET'S GO BACK TO NEW YORK. I'M A FIGHTER-NOT A ACKTOR!
WHY, KAYO, YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MIND!
MAYBE YOU'RE SATISFIED BEING A VULGAR FIGHTER BUT I HAVE A CAREER! YOU'RE JEALOUS, THAT'S WHAT..
CONNIE! HOW COULD YOU'SE SAY SUCH A THING?

IF THAT'S THE WAY SHE FEELS, ALL RIGHT! I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!
HEY, WAIT UP FER ME, KAYO!
I'M DISGUSTED WITH EVERYTHING, PUNCHY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!
LET'S TAKE A DRIVE DOWN TO LOS ANGELES, KAYO! IT'LL MAKE YOU FORGET YOUR TROUBLE!
IN LOS ANGELES
LOOK, PUNCHY! A CARNIVAL SHOW!
LET'S GO IN! IT MIGHT GIVE US A FEW LAUGHS!
MAN! THESE HOT DOGS TASTE SWELL. THIS CARNIVAL'S MORE FUN THAN THOSE STUCK-UP MOVIE STARS!
HEY, KAYO!
SOMEONE'S CALLING YOU, KAYO!
DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE AN OLD FRIEND, KAYO? HARRUMPH! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY CARNIVAL?
SENATOR POPOFF! DO YOUSE OWN THIS CARNIVAL?
I HAVE A PRINCELY IDEA, KAYO! AN EXHIBITION BOUT BETWEEN YOU AND.....
WHY-ER—
NUTHIN' DOIN'! KAYO AIN'T INTERESTED!
SEE HERE, MY GOOD FELLOW, KAYO'S A DEAR FRIEND OF MINE. HE'D BE GLAD TO DO IT!
YEAH! WELL, I THINK YOU'RE A PHONY!
PLEASE DON'T FIGHT, BOYS!
I'LL DO IT, SENATOR! DO YOU'SE THINK YOU COULD ARRANGE SOMETHIN' FOR PUNCHY, TOO?
ER....HARRUMPH PERHAPS!
AW, NUTS!

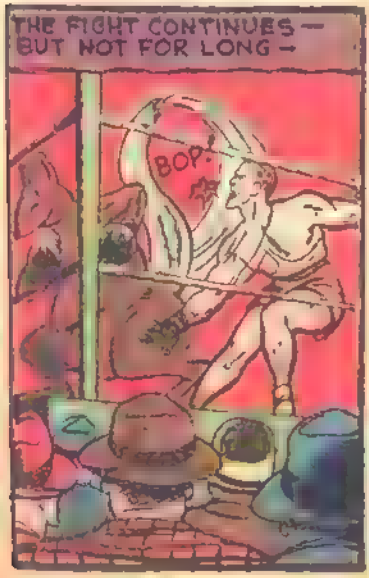

LATER
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! OUR FIRST EXHIBITION WILL BE A COLOSSAL, TITANIC BOUT BETWEEN PUNCHY NOSENBLOOM, AND A SAVAGE OPPONENT!
HIYA, FOLKS!
CLAP, CLAP!
HOORAY!
RAY!

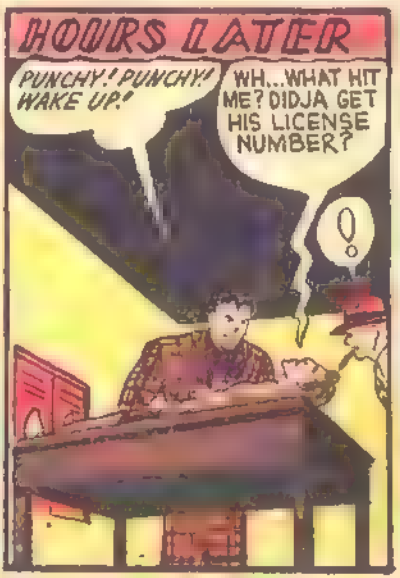

PUNCHY'S OPPONENT SOON STEPS INTO THE RING — A KANGAROO.
HEY, WHAT IS THIS? I AIN'T NO ANIMAL TRAINER, THAT DIRTY, DOUBLE-CROSSIN' POPOFF!
GLUMPH, GLUMPH!

GONG! THE FIGHT IS ON!
OKAY! I'LL PUNCH THIS BEEZARK ON THE SNOOT 'N THEN....


OOOF!

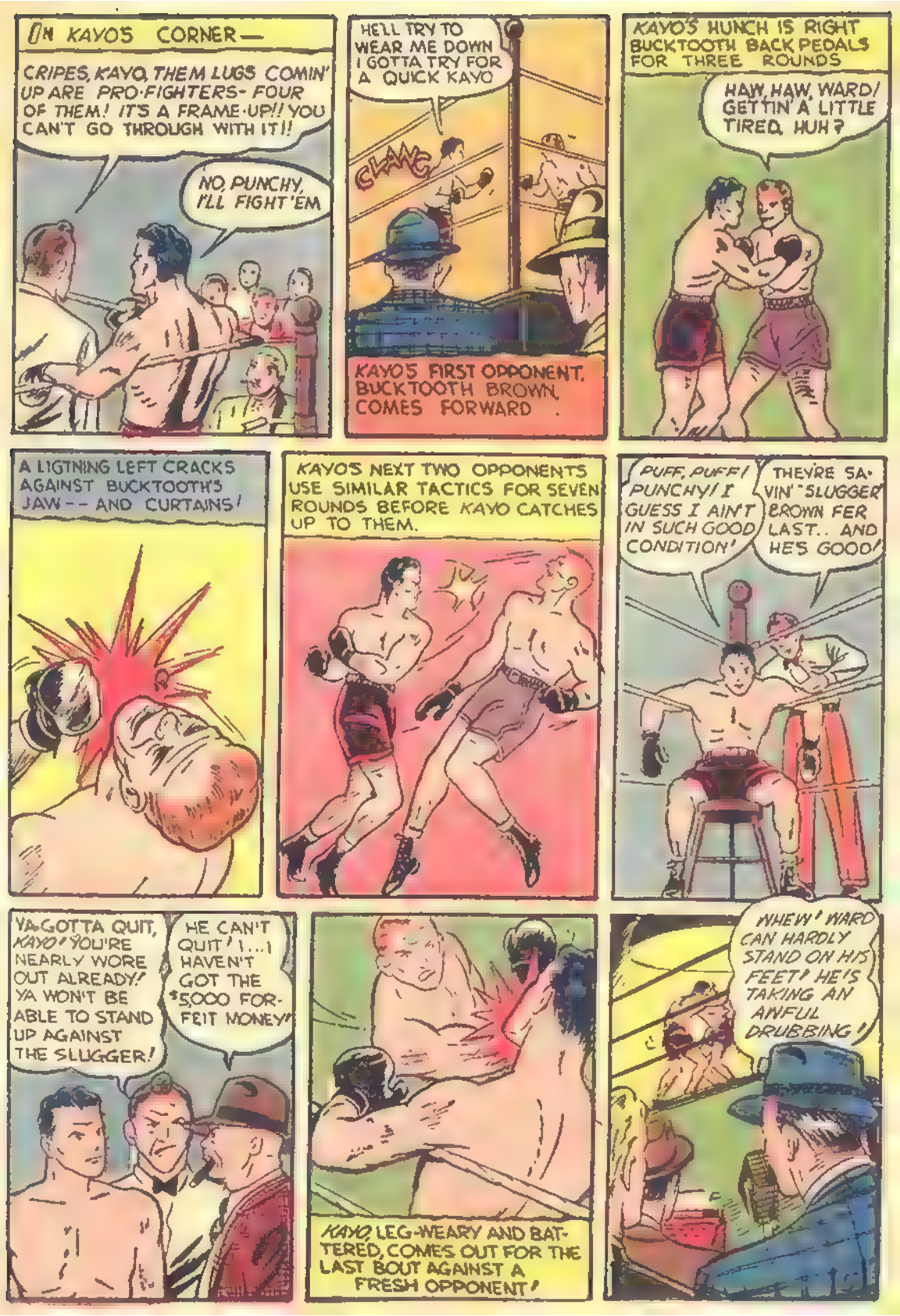
WHY, THE DIRTY.... HIT ME WHEN I WASN'T LOOKIN'! NO KANGAROO'S GONNA MAKE A MONKEY OUTTA ME!

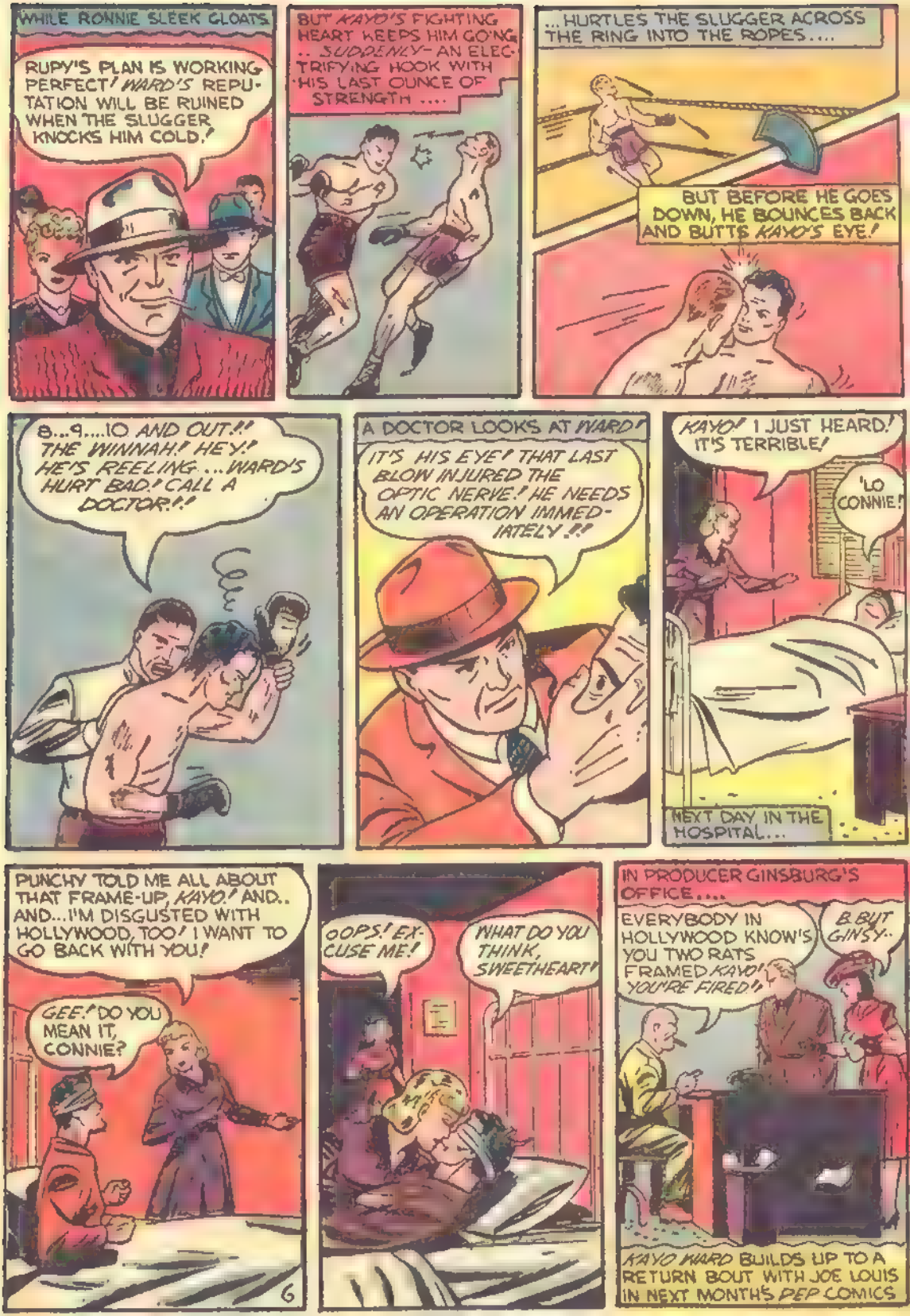

THE FIGHT CONTINUES — BUT NOT FOR LONG —
BOP!


HOURS LATER
PUNCHY! PUNCHY! WAKE UP!
WH...WHAT HIT ME? DIDJA GET HIS LICENSE NUMBER?
?

WELL, G'BYE, SENATOR! I'LL BE BACK TO-MORROW FOR MY FIGHT!
ER.. KOFF, KOFF! OF COURSE! AU REVOIR, KAYO! HARRUMPH!

KOFF! KOFF! KAYO'S WALLET! VERY PECULIAR MUST HAVE STUCK TO MY FINGERS — HARRUMPH!
MEANWHILE, IN THE APARTMENT OF RUPY LEVEZ, FIERY GLAMOR STAR, WHO HATES KAYO.
RUPY! WOTTA BREAK! IT'S OUR CHANCE TO GET EVEN WITH KAYO!
WHAT EES EET, RONNIE?
I JUST CAME FROM A CARNIVAL. KAYO'S DUE TO PUT ON AN EXHIBITION BOUT TOMORROW!
HMM?
SO! KAYO BOX IN CARNIVAL. HA! MAYBE RUPY FEEX SO HE LOOK LIKE CHUMP INSTEAD OF CHAMP. NO ONE CAN TURN RUPY DOWN!
NEXT DAY
WELL, I STILL THINK IT WUZ THIS PHONY WOT COPPED YOUR WALLET, YESTERDAY!
YOUSE SHUDN'T SAY SUCH THINGS, PUNCHY!
BRRRF! HOW DARE YOU ACCUSE ME!
I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT SENATOR POPOFF IS THE SOUL OF HONESTY.. WHY, I .....OOPS! (BURP, KOFF, KOFF)
LOOK, KAYO! YOUR WALLET. THE DIRTY CHISELER!
THERE'S SOME MISTAKE, I'M SURE!
MEANWHILE, RONNIE ARRIVES AT THE CARNIVAL WITH SEVERAL BRUISERS.
ALL RIGHT! NOW YOU BOYS KNOW WHAT TO DO!
DON'T WORRY, SLEEK. THEY'LL CARRY WARD OUT ON A STRETCHER!
AND LADEEZ AN' GENTLEMEN, I, SENATOR POPOFF, A MAN OF MATCHLESS INTEGRITY, OFFER FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO ANYONE WHO CAN KNOCK OUT KAYO WARD. (KOFF, BRRMPH, AND FURTHERMORE, ETC. ETC.!


ON KAYO'S CORNER—
CRIPES, KAYO, THEM LUGS COMIN' UP ARE PRO-FIGHTERS- FOUR OF THEM! IT'S A FRAME-UP!! YOU CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT!!
NO, PUNCHY, I'LL FIGHT 'EM
HE'LL TRY TO WEAR ME DOWN I GOTTA TRY FOR A QUICK KAYO
CLANG
KAYO'S FIRST OPPONENT, BUCKTOOTH BROWN, COMES FORWARD
KAYO'S HUNCH IS RIGHT BUCKTOOTH BACK PEDALS FOR THREE ROUNDS
HAW, HAW, WARD! GETTIN' A LITTLE TIRED, HUH?
A LIGTNING LEFT CRACKS AGAINST BUCKTOOTH'S JAW -- AND CURTAINS!
KAYO'S NEXT TWO OPPONENTS USE SIMILAR TACTICS FOR SEVEN ROUNDS BEFORE KAYO CATCHES UP TO THEM.
PUFF, PUFF! PUNCHY! I GUESS I AIN'T IN SUCH GOOD CONDITION!
THEY'RE SAYIN' "SLUGGER" BROWN FER LAST.. AND HE'S GOOD!
YA GOTTA QUIT, KAYO! YOU'RE NEARLY WORE OUT ALREADY! YA WON'T BE ABLE TO STAND UP AGAINST THE SLUGGER!
HE CAN'T QUIT! I...I HAVEN'T GOT THE $5,000 FORFEIT MONEY!
KAYO, LEG-WEARY AND BATTERED, COMES OUT FOR THE LAST BOUT AGAINST A FRESH OPPONENT!
WHEW! WARD CAN HARDLY STAND ON HIS FEET! HE'S TAKING AN AWFUL DRUBBING!


WHILE RONNIE SLEEK GLOATS
RUPY'S PLAN IS WORKING PERFECT! WARD'S REPUTATION WILL BE RUINED WHEN THE SLUGGER KNOCKS HIM COLD!
BUT KAYO'S FIGHTING HEART KEEPS HIM GO'NG .. SUDDENLY- AN ELECTRIFYING HOOK WITH HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH ....
...HURTLES THE SLUGGER ACROSS THE RING INTO THE ROPES....
BUT BEFORE HE GOES DOWN, HE BOUNCES BACK AND BUTTS KAYO'S EYE!
8...9....10 AND OUT!!! THE WINNAH!! HEY! HE'S REELING ...WARD'S HURT BAD! CALL A DOCTOR!!
A DOCTOR LOOKS AT WARD!
IT'S HIS EYE! THAT LAST BLOW INJURED THE OPTIC NERVE! HE NEEDS AN OPERATION IMMEDIATELY!!
KAYO! I JUST HEARD! IT'S TERRIBLE!
LO CONNIE!
NEXT DAY IN THE HOSPITAL...
PUNCHY TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THAT FRAME-UP, KAYO! AND.. AND...I'M DISGUSTED WITH HOLLYWOOD, TOO! I WANT TO GO BACK WITH YOU!
GEE! DO YOU MEAN IT, CONNIE?
6
OOPS! EXCUSE ME!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, SWEETHEART!
IN PRODUCER GINSBURG'S OFFICE....
EVERYBODY IN HOLLYWOOD KNOWS YOU TWO RATS FRAMED KAYO! YOU'RE FIRED!!
B-BUT GINSY..
KAYO WARD BUILDS UP TO A RETURN BOUT WITH JOE LOUIS IN NEXT MONTH'S PEP COMICS

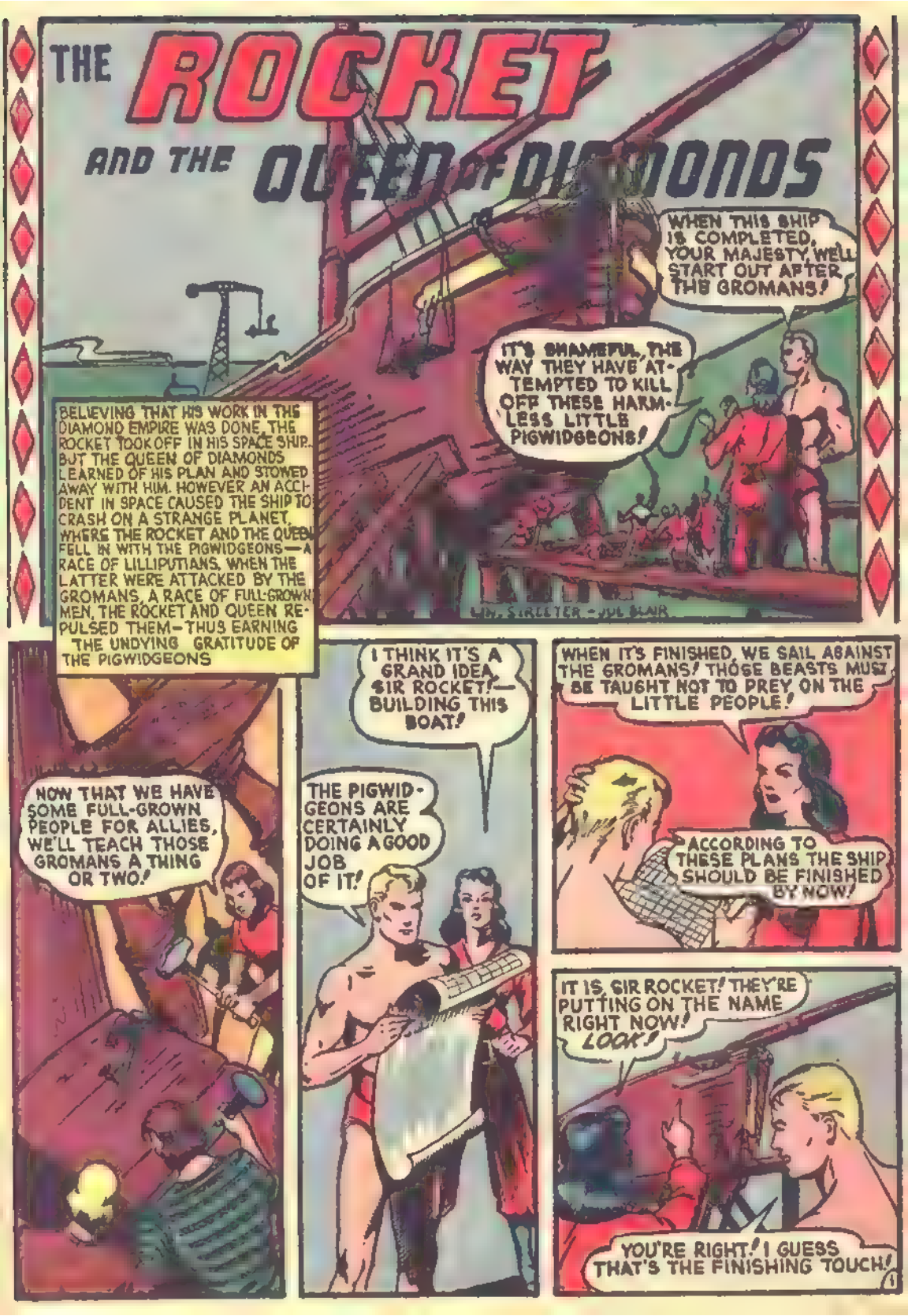
HERE IT IS

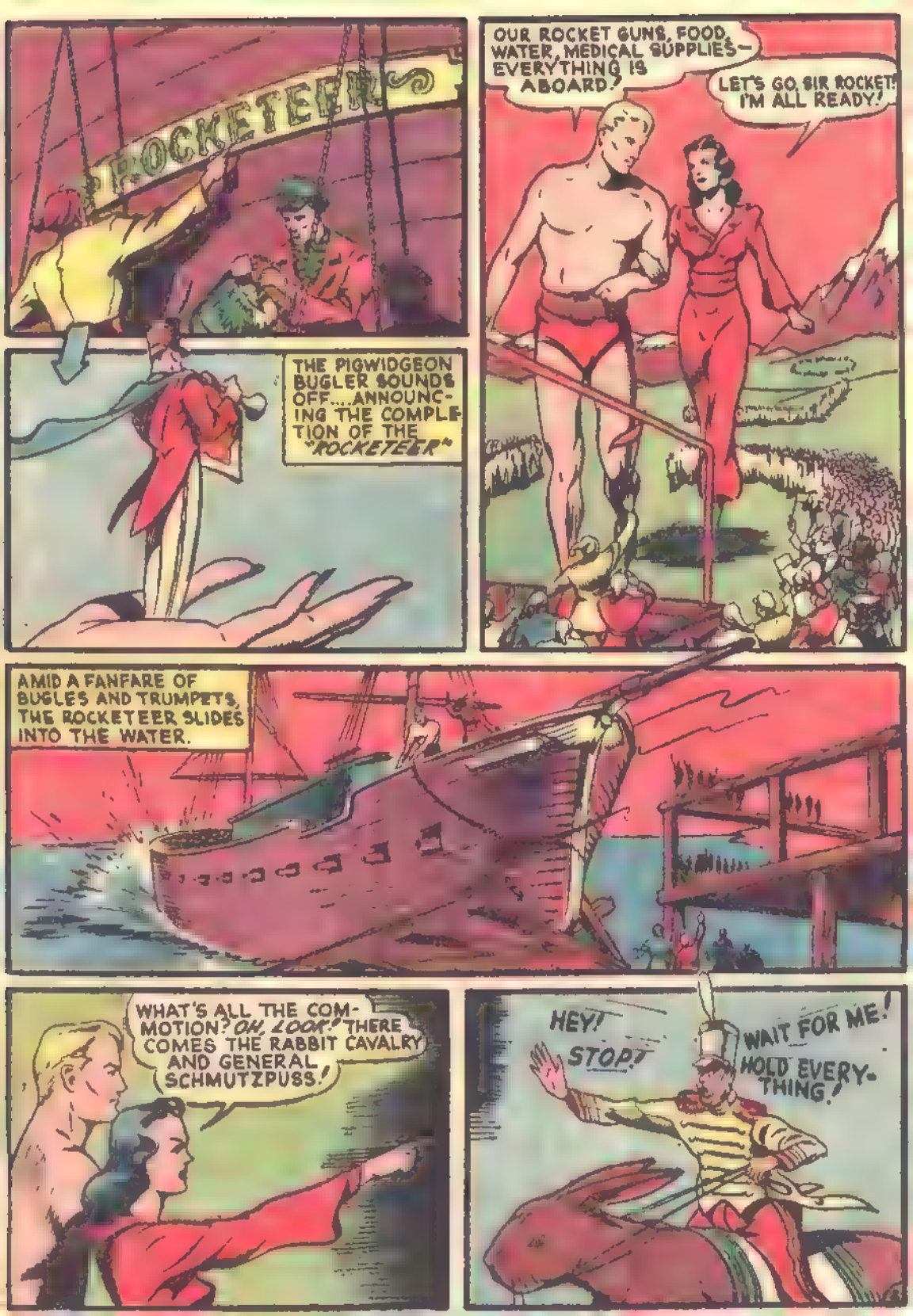
THE NEW NO.2 ISSUE OF YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE

LOOK FOR Tommy THE SUPER BOY!

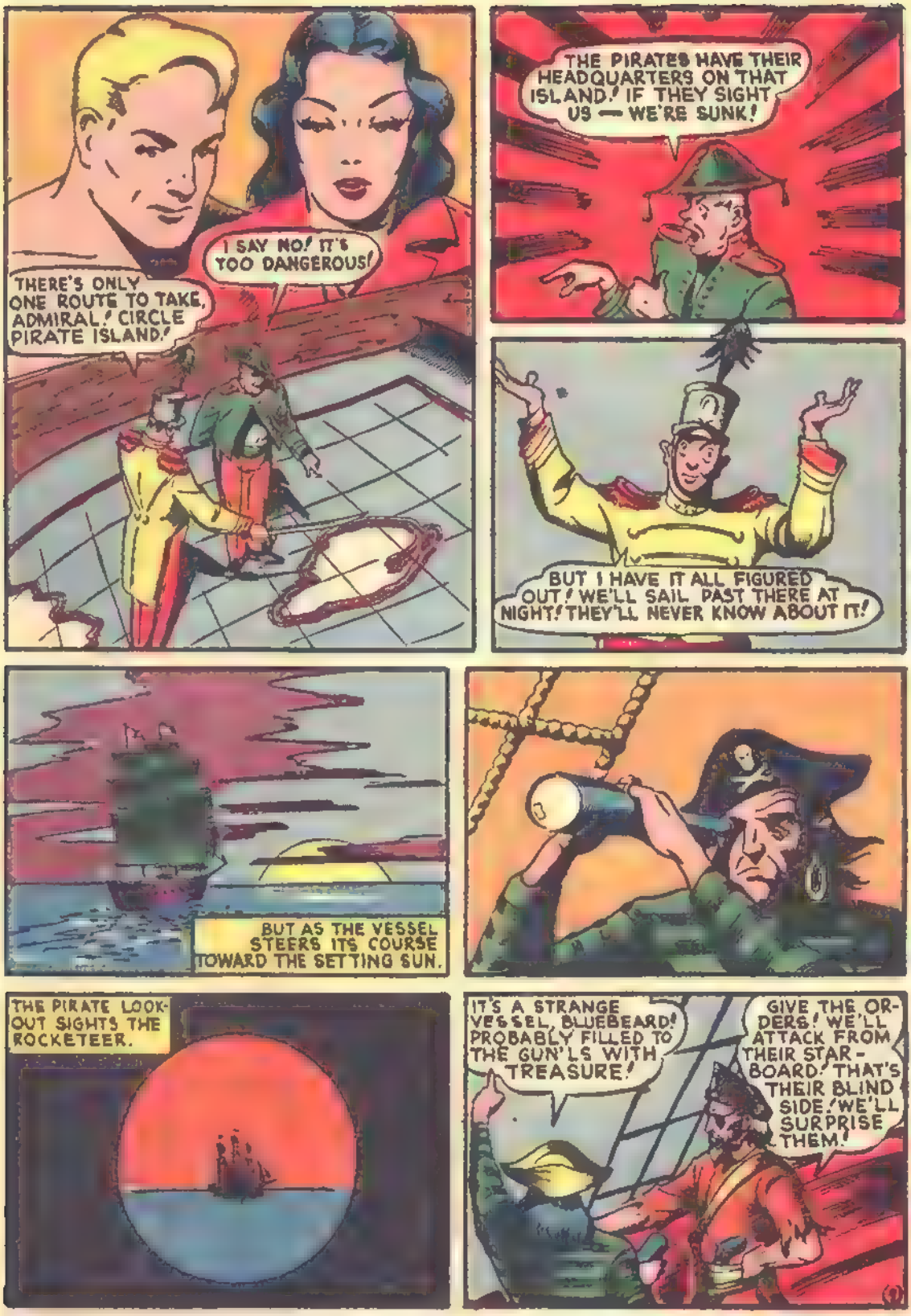
ALL NEW! ALL DIFFERERENT

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSTANDS

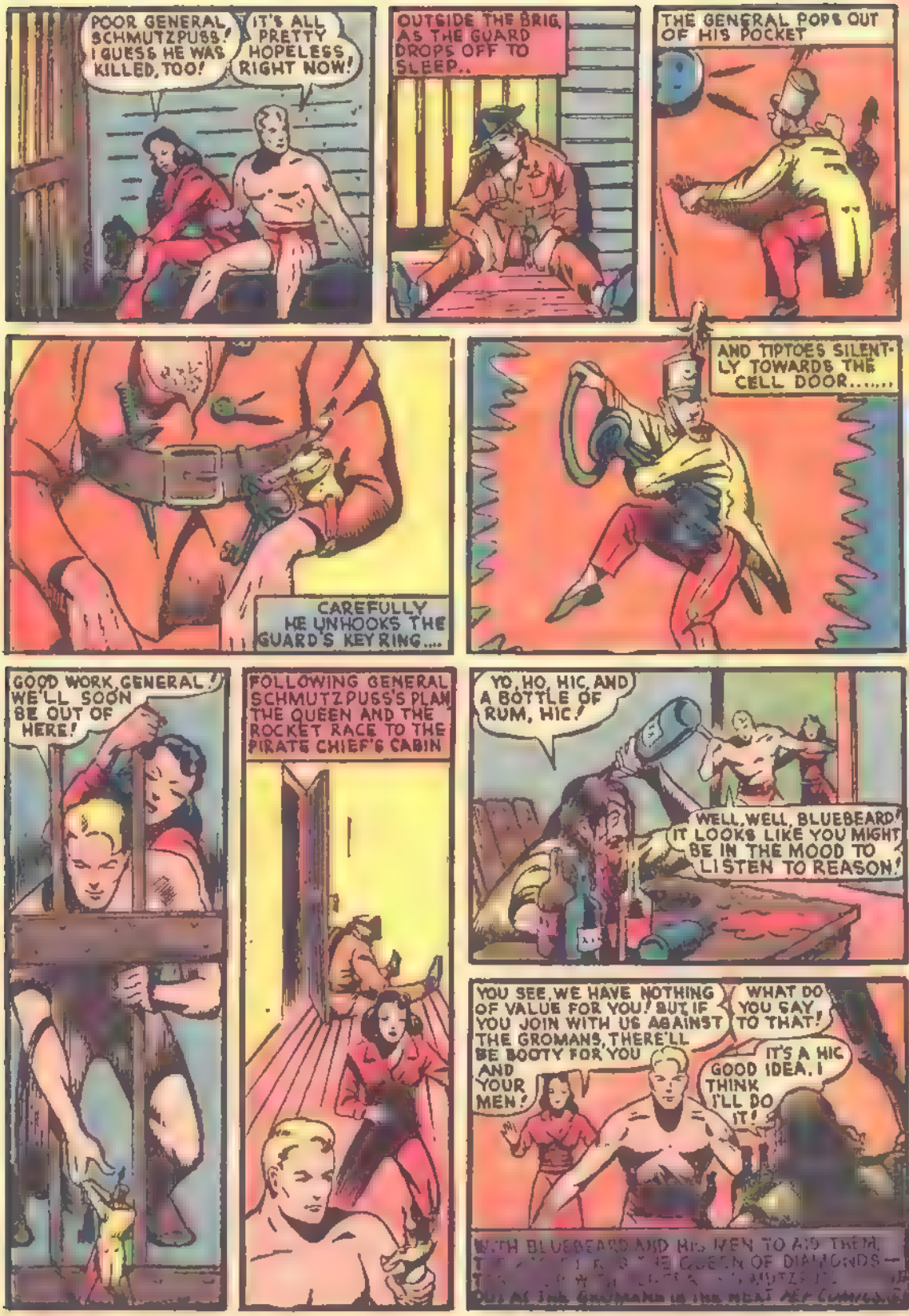

THE ROCKET AND THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS
BELIEVING THAT HIS WORK IN THE DIAMOND EMPIRE WAS DONE, THE ROCKET TOOK OFF IN HIS SPACE SHIP. BUT THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS LEARNED OF HIS PLAN AND STOWED AWAY WITH HIM. HOWEVER AN ACCIDENT IN SPACE CAUSED THE SHIP TO CRASH ON A STRANGE PLANET, WHERE THE ROCKET AND THE QUEEN FELL IN WITH THE PIGWIDGEONS—A RACE OF LILLIPUTIANS. WHEN THE LATTER WERE ATTACKED BY THE GROMANS, A RACE OF FULL-GROWN MEN, THE ROCKET AND QUEEN REPULSED THEM—THUS EARNING THE UNDYING GRATITUDE OF THE PIGWIDGEONS
WHEN THIS SHIP IS COMPLETED, YOUR MAJESTY, WE'LL START OUT AFTER THE GROMANS!
IT'S SHAMEFUL, THE WAY THEY HAVE ATTEMPTED TO KILL OFF THESE HARMLESS LITTLE PIGWIDGEONS!
LIN. STREETER - JOE BLAIR
NOW THAT WE HAVE SOME FULL-GROWN PEOPLE FOR ALLIES, WE'LL TEACH THOSE GROMANS A THING OR TWO!
I THINK IT'S A GRAND IDEA, SIR ROCKET!—BUILDING THIS BOAT!
THE PIGWIDGEONS ARE CERTAINLY DOING A GOOD JOB OF IT!
WHEN IT'S FINISHED, WE SAIL AGAINST THE GROMANS! THOSE BEASTS MUST BE TAUGHT NOT TO PREY ON THE LITTLE PEOPLE!
ACCORDING TO THESE PLANS THE SHIP SHOULD BE FINISHED BY NOW!
IT IS, SIR ROCKET! THEY'RE PUTTING ON THE NAME RIGHT NOW! LOOK!
YOU'RE RIGHT! I GUESS THAT'S THE FINISHING TOUCH!


ROCKETEER
THE PIGWIDGEON BUGLER SOUNDS OFF...ANNOUNCING THE COMPLETION OF THE "ROCKETEER"
OUR ROCKET GUNS, FOOD, WATER, MEDICAL SUPPLIES—EVERYTHING IS ABOARD!
LET'S GO, SIR ROCKET! I'M ALL READY!
AMID A FANFARE OF BUGLES AND TRUMPETS, THE ROCKETEER SLIDES INTO THE WATER.
WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION? OH, LOOK! THERE COMES THE RABBIT CAVALRY AND GENERAL SCHMUTZPUSS!
HEY! STOP!
WAIT FOR ME! HOLD EVERYTHING!

GET ME A MOTOR LAUNCH! GET ME A CUTTER! GET ME A SPEED-BOAT!
BUT THERE ARE NONE, MY GENERAL!
DON'T CONTRADICT ME! I DON'T CARE WHAT KIND OF A BOAT—GET ME ONE.
SO! A ROWBOAT IS ALL I GET! WELL WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? SHOVE OFF!
YES, GENERAL!
HERE HE COMES, ROCKET!
AHOY FOR GENERAL SCHMUTZPUSS!
COME ALONG-SIDE, GENERAL! WE'LL PICK YOU UP!
IT'S A GOOD THING I GOT ABOARD IN TIME! THIS MAY BE A VERY DANGEROUS VOYAGE!
BUT WITH ME IN COMMAND, YOU CAN REST ASSURED THAT THE GROMANS ARE PRACTICALLY CAPTURED!
WE'RE GLAD TO HAVE YOUR HELP, GENERAL!
ANCHORS AWEIGH! FULL SPEED AHEAD! QUARTER FATHOM RIGHT! THREE QUARTERS LEFT! AVAST!
THE ROCKETEER SETS SAIL ON ITS FIRST GREAT ADVENTURE.....


I SAY NO! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!
THERE'S ONLY ONE ROUTE TO TAKE, ADMIRAL! CIRCLE PIRATE ISLAND!
THE PIRATES HAVE THEIR HEADQUARTERS ON THAT ISLAND! IF THEY SIGHT US — WE'RE SUNK!
BUT I HAVE IT ALL FIGURED OUT! WE'LL SAIL PAST THERE AT NIGHT! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW ABOUT IT!
BUT AS THE VESSEL STEERS ITS COURSE TOWARD THE SETTING SUN.
THE PIRATE LOOK-OUT SIGHTS THE ROCKETEER.
IT'S A STRANGE VESSEL, BLUEBEARD! PROBABLY FILLED TO THE GUNLS WITH TREASURE!
GIVE THE ORDERS! WE'LL ATTACK FROM THEIR STAR-BOARD! THAT'S THEIR BLIND SIDE. WE'LL SURPRISE THEM!

THE PIRATE VESSEL COMES ABOUT AND TRAILS THE ROCKETEER"
AVAST, ME HEARTIES! ATTACK!
NN--WHAT TH- PIRATES!
AH, HA, HA, HA! PIGWIDGEONS! HA, HA! THEY'RE TICKLING ME!
HA, HA, HA, HO, HO, HO! I'LL CRUSH YOU TO DEATH UNDER MY LITTLE TOE!
HELP! HELP! OHHHH!
LISTEN! THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON ABOVE DECK!
I WONDER IF WE'RE BEING ATTACKED?
THE GROMANS! I'LL BET!
GROMANS NOTHING! THESE ARE THE PIRATES THE GENERAL WAS TALKING ABOUT! BETTER RE- TREAT, YOUR MAJES- TY!
I'LL FIGHT TO THE DEATH BESIDE YOU, SIR ROCKET!
BUT THE ROCKET AND THE QUEEN ARE OVER-POWERED

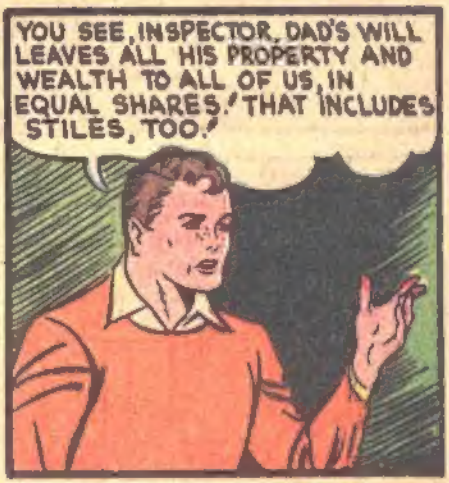

POOR GENERAL SCHMUTZPUSS! I GUESS HE WAS KILLED, TOO!
IT'S ALL PRETTY HOPELESS RIGHT NOW!
OUTSIDE THE BRIG, AS THE GUARD DROPS OFF TO SLEEP..
THE GENERAL POPS OUT OF HIS POCKET
CAREFULLY HE UNHOOKS THE GUARD'S KEY RING....
AND TIPTOES SILENTLY TOWARDS THE CELL DOOR.....
GOOD WORK, GENERAL! WE'LL SOON BE OUT OF HERE!
FOLLOWING GENERAL SCHMUTZPUSS'S PLAN THE QUEEN AND THE ROCKET RACE TO THE PIRATE CHIEF'S CABIN
YO, HO, HIC, AND A BOTTLE OF RUM, HIC!
WELL, WELL, BLUEBEARD! IT LOOKS LIKE YOU MIGHT BE IN THE MOOD TO LISTEN TO REASON!
YOU SEE, WE HAVE NOTHING OF VALUE FOR YOU! BUT IF YOU JOIN WITH US AGAINST THE GROMANS, THERE'LL BE BOOTY FOR YOU AND YOUR MEN!
WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT!
IT'S A HIC GOOD IDEA. I THINK I'LL DO IT!
WITH BLUEBEARD AND HIS MEN TO AID THEM,

BENTLEY
of SCOTLAND YARD
by S. COOPER
THE RIDDLE OF THE WHIRRING WINGS
ONE DAY, AS SIR CECIL FARRELL RETURNS FROM A STROLL.....
HELLO, DAD! HAVE A NICE WALK?
HELLO, ANNE!
YES, ANNE, I..... OHHHG!
DAD, DAD! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

HE'S DEAD! HHHEEEEELLLPP!
THAT SOUNDED LIKE SIS SCREAMING!
UNCLE JOHN! UNCLE JOHN!
WHAT—WHAT IS IT, BOB? I'VE BEEN NAPPING. I...I....
I HEARD ANNE CALL FOR HELP! COME ON!
ANNE! WHAT'S WRONG?
WHAT IS IT, MY DEAR? WHAT'S HAPPENED?
IT'S DAD!
WHAT HORRIBLE THING HAS DONE THIS?
STILES! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
WHY, I WAS IN MY ROOM RESTING BEFORE STARTING MY EVENING DUTIES! I HEARD THE NOISE OUT HERE!
SPEAK MAN!
COME, MY DEAR! TRY TO REST AND FORGET THIS HORRIBLE THING!
STILES, GET SCOTLAND YARD ON THE TELEPHONE!
YES, MASTER ROBERT!

AN HOUR LATER...
I'M INSPECTOR BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD!
COME IN, INSPECTOR! THEY'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME INSPECTOR! I'M JOHN FARRELL!
IT WAS YOUR BROTHER, THEN, WHO MET WITH DISASTER!
AND I'M BOB FARRELL! HE...HE WAS MY DAD!
EXCUSE ME FOR BEING SO IRRELEVANT, BUT I CAN'T HELP ADMIRING THOSE FISH! I'M A BIT OF A SPORTSMAN MYSELF!
THOSE ARE MY PRIZES, INSPECTOR! I'M MIGHTY PROUD OF THEM!
YOU SHOULD BE, MR. FARRELL! BUT NOW...
IS THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK OF TO TALK ABOUT AT A TIME LIKE THIS?
ANNE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE RESTING?
WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME EXACTLY WHAT YOU SAW WHEN YOUR FATHER WAS KILLED
I WAS ON THE PORCH AND DAD WAS COMING UP THE WALK! SUDDENLY, HE CLUTCHED HIS THROAT AND THERE WAS A WHIRRING SOUND LIKE—LIKE THE WINGS OF A BIRD!
IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE THAT ANYTHING INVISIBLE COULD HAVE KILLED YOUR FATHER! HOWEVER, SUCH THINGS HAVE HAPPENED!
I'M GOING TO ASK ALL OF YOU TO GO TO YOUR ROOMS! I WOULD LIKE TO FEEL FREE TO INVESTIGATE THIS IN MY OWN WAY!
3

HMM! THIS IS JUST ABOUT WHERE MR. FARRELL WAS STANDING WHEN...
WHIR!
WHIR!
WHIR!
WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!
WELL! THAT'S WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO MY THROAT IF I'D BEEN A FEW FEET MORE OFF THE GROUND!
OF COURSE! OF COURSE! I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT AT ONCE!
HELLO! ANYONE IN HERE? HMM! I THOUGHT NOT!
4



BUT THE FACT REMAINS THAT MR. FARRELL WAS MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD BEFORE HIS HOME! THERE WAS NO INVISIBLE KILLER! IN FACT, THE KILLER IS RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY EYES, NOW!

INSPECTOR BENTLEY KNOWS WHO *MURDERED* MR. FARRELL! *DO YOU?*

MARK YOUR CHOICE FOR THE MURDERER AMONG THE FOLLOWING:

ANNE FARRELL.....
BOB FARRELL.....
JOHN FARRELL.....
STILES.....

THEN, TURN TO THE NEXT PAGE FOR INSPECTOR BENTLEY'S SOLUTION TO THE *RIDDLE OF THE WHIRRING WINGS*

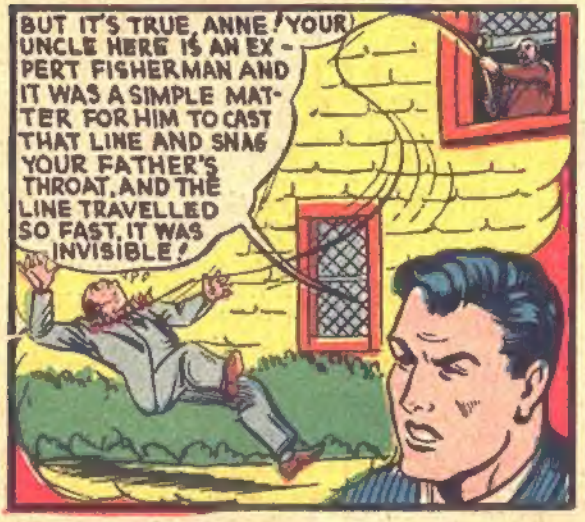
BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, INSPECTOR NOBODY BUT ANNE WAS NEAR MY BROTHER WHEN HE WAS KILLED!
THAT'S TRUE ENOUGH, MR. FARRELL! HOWEVER...

I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR THE MURDER OF YOUR BROTHER!
DON'T—DON'T BE SUCH A FOOL! HOW COULD I.....

I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IN A SECOND! BOB, WOULD YOU OBLIGE ME BY BRINGING THE FISHING ROD FROM YOUR UNCLE'S BEDROOM!
WELL, SURE— BUT.....

NOW—IF YOU WILL NOTICE - THE END OF THAT LINE HAS RAZOR-LIKE BARBS ATTACHED TO IT! I SAW THEM WHEN THE ROD WAS HANGING ON THE WALL DOWNSTAIRS. AFTER I WAS ATTACKED I NOTICED THAT THE ROD WAS MISSING!

WHEW! THOSE BARBS ARE ENOUGH TO RIP ANY MAN'S THROAT TO SHREDS!
I—I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT!


BUT IT'S TRUE, ANNE! YOUR UNCLE HERE IS AN EXPERT FISHERMAN AND IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER FOR HIM TO CAST THAT LINE AND SNAG YOUR FATHER'S THROAT, AND THE LINE TRAVELLED SO FAST, IT WAS INVISIBLE!

SO THE SOUND I THOUGHT WAS WHIRRING WINGS WAS REALLY THE WHIR OF THE REEL!
THAT'S RIGHT! THERE ISN'T ANOTHER SOUND QUITE LIKE IT— AND THERE ISN'T ANOTHER SOUND QUITE LIKE THE ONE OF A TRAP DROPPING OUT FROM UNDER YOUR FEET WHEN YOU'RE ON THE GALLOWS!
MORE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD IN EVERY ISSUE OF PEP COMICS

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—Red Ryder

The New GOLDEN BANDED 1000-SHOT RED RYDER Saddle CARBINE

Let Red Ryder help you get *THE* Daisy for Christmas! Just send him the coupon for your *FREE CHRISTMAS REMINDER KIT* enclosing 3c stamp to help cover our handling-postage cost. Daisy's *COPYRIGHTED*, FREE CHRISTMAS REMINDER KIT contains printed "messages" to which you sign *your name*, pictures of Daisy Air Rifles, and *complete* directions for using. You'll have fun doing it. Put "Reminders" under milk bottles, in the mail-box! On Dad's easy chair! Mail one to Dad where he works! They'll help "sell" your folks on getting you *THE* Daisy—as they helped thousands of boys *last* Christmas! Send Coupon, 3-cent stamp *now*.

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